

TOC H JOURNAL

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THE APOSTLE TO GADARA

TUBBY writes: "*Here is a poor attempt at reconstructing the Gospel incident of Gadara. It stirred in my mind as a queer act of penitence for the presumption of landing in 1932 in a seaplane on the surface of Tiberias. Imperial Airways have now changed this station.*"

I. His Purpose

THE sun, no longer fierce, had sought the hills. Night came apace and with it the urgency of the morrow. He had long had it in His mind that a venture must be made towards the perilous beach which flanks the one sheer cliff which the lake possesses. This tract of shore, rugged and ill-omened, was by common consent appointed to the marooning of dangerous madmen, a prison and a graveyard in one. Fishing boats gave it a wide berth; for its wretched denizens, their ferocity sharpened by hunger and exposure, lurked like a living nightmare among the derelict tombs of long departed tribesmen.

Exhausted by a long day's teaching, of which some fragmentary phrases alone have reached us, He made His way to the clumsy low-gunnelled craft which He had bidden her erstwhile owners to have ready. Since they had joined Him, she had perhaps lain idle and longed for their return. Now they busied themselves with her cordage, and set her once more afloat. This they did blithely enough, until a word or gesture told them the nets need not be taken. They had hoped for a short trawl and an evening meal ashore upon the proceeds. They learnt sullenly that this was not to be; and their practised eyes saw stormy weather waiting them. But neither menace of sky nor men moved Him to hesitate.

The day's work was not done with. Down to the boat came two men most self-consciously: the first a lawyer's clerk, to offer lip-service, or, it may be, sincerely moved to increase His company by one. He was met with a stern challenge to self-abnegation, of a kind he was not ready to undergo. "A life of utter homelessness is inevitable for Me and my present companions. God gives the bird his nest and the fox his earth; but My head is as you see." The man retreats abashed; and he, or someone overhearing, makes haste to provide a pillow in the fast-gathering gloom.

The second interlocutor has already made his protestations of allegiance. He now qualifies them. He has no appetite for this night's voyage, and shelters behind a final filial duty. He will rejoin them when the old man's death releases him. He too is met with brief severity. He must choose and choose now. God's ploughman or man's grave-digger—which is it to be?

Meanwhile some other boats are run out, and for a short while a little friendly fleet moved outward from the shore. But one by one they bid farewell and turn back. The cumbrous craft drives on alone into the now formidable night. Utterly exhausted, He sinks from prayer to slumber, His lullaby the rising hiss of the waves, the moaning of the wind, the creaking and labouring of the shallow boat.

II. His Power for Peace

It was the roughest awakening. Men's faces, distorted with panic, were thrust down through the broken darkness towards His. Men's lips cried upon His name, but with no sense that His powers, whatever they might be, could avail them

now. Men's hearts were failing them for fear; and fear under such circumstances becomes the grave of reverence. Panic is perhaps the supreme ugliness which can envelope the common mind; distorting it from all the dictates of nobility.

The time for action has come indeed; and with every instant of returning consciousness the royalty of His nature wakes within Him to the height of an argument never yet attempted. Ajax defied the lightning; but since the first day began, no spirit compassed in human clay has ever dared to issue words of command to the eternal forces of nature during the period of their passion. There arises now within that rough and well-nigh water-logged boat, over which the waves are already breaking in anticipation of immediate victory, the figure and voice of One Who will deny them their prey. His breath goes forth uttered against the storm itself; and to the astonished disciples, who had expected at most an act of prayer or petition characteristic of His gentler nature, this imperious command is the more likely to bring an instant end upon them. Still more amazed are they, when it seems to have an effect not gradual but immediate: waves are no longer breaking over them with the sharp hiss of doom. The wind veers and subsides; the oars become once more instruments that are negotiable, having been but a moment before frail spars to which they had thought to cling.

It is characteristic of such lake formations that tumults may arise and cease with equal suddenness; but the disciples, well aware from childhood of every gesture of this sea, know of a surety that this is no ordinary calm. In great solemnity now fraught with undenying awe, they watch Christ's figure once more repose itself in the rough stern. Oars dip, and thole-pins creak. The ship of God proceeds upon its path through the now tranquil night.

III. His Courage

After the long night journey interrupted by the sudden storm, the ill-omened coast became visible, marked by the one great cliff which rises sheer from the lake. His command now is that He should Himself be disembarked alone upon the little beach; the disciples remaining in the boat at a discreet distance from the land. No sooner has He accomplished His purpose, than with a terrible outcry one or two of the lunatics rush down as though to overwhelm Him. One brandishes his broken chain; but coming beneath the influence of His tranquil figure they halt and parley.

If we are prepared to presume that the account which has reached us is the honest work of those who were themselves honestly informed by some who watched the scene from the boat, it may be that we are justified, with our modern eyes, in reading into their story some such explanation as this. The wise doctor in mental treatment will be seeking continually for a way whereby the diseased mind may be happily affected. Now it so happened that upon the crest of the cliff there were feeding a number of swine—a sight abhorrent to all Jewish eyes. These beasts, alarmed by the shrill outcry of the lunatics, plunged forward to an unexpected fate. Events coincident in time suggested to the minds both of the lunatics and those in the boat, the same interpretation. No one who knows the East even to-day is as readily prepared to deny devil possession as the man whose feet have never left our Western pavements. Some forms of devil possession may yield to

outward assurance and manifestations. Here a coincidence became a portent, and one lunatic at least believed himself to be incredibly and amazingly delivered.

IV. His Solution

The conversation which followed is one of the most moving in the earlier Gospel narrative. The man who was naked and distraught, is next seen clothed, calm, and in child-like faith at the feet of his deliverer. His supreme and instinctive desire is that they shall never part again. He will become one more disciple ready for all acts of heroism and self-abnegation; proving by his presence and his story the supreme virtue which emanates from the Divine Presence. He offers himself thus to the Master and trusts that he may hear a word of willing acceptance which will bind him to His closest company while life lasts.

The Lord, confronted by this appeal, finds Himself compelled to return a most tender and compassionate refusal. It is indeed that a teacher could scarcely ask for any more complete evidence of His miraculous power, than that one of the company moving on his mission behind him should be a man once distraught whose mind had been thus restored. Yet to allow his presence in that little company would be to endanger their peculiar function towards humanity as a whole. They had been selected from the first, not for their virtues or their spiritual insight, but as a body of men against whom it could never be said that they were ill-chosen as witnesses. Whatever their other defects, the honesty of their eyes, and even the temerity and untowardness of their questionings, is a most marked feature of their companionship. To introduce among their number one of whom contemporaries, or posterity, might say that he was but a poor lunatic unable to testify, and easily misled, would be to prejudice the corporate veracity in which, in the human side, the Gospel story still rests secure after two thousand years of test and criticism.

It is not, however, Our Lord's manner to meet any proposal proceeding from a surrendered heart with a mere refusal. He therefore proceeds with kingly grace to appoint this poor lunatic as the apostle of his people. He is to go from Him, yes: and never again in this world are his eyes to do more than recall the memory of his Saviour's countenance. But from this time forward a task is laid upon him, the fruit of which shall be seen when God shall reckon up His jewels. It is not perhaps presumptuous to suppose that in years long after, some Christian from the destroyed Jerusalem penetrating to Gadara to preach the Word there, finds that a strange preparation has already been made by this man's life and faith. The faces of his hearers light up as their lips reply: "Yes, indeed, this ideal of yours is not wholly unknown to us, for among us their lived for some years the very man restored of whom you speak. He never ceased to tell to all who would listen the epic of that great day whereon he was not only given back his mind, but crouched at the feet of the Life that is life indeed."

Yet as we come to weigh the story further, we shall do well to remember the attenuated equipment wherewith this apostle of the Gadarenes was despatched to his extraordinary task. No doctrine was revealed to him; no word of Sacrament; no subtlety of judgment; no book delivered; no rite administered. Armed only with the Name of his Redeemer, the man passed silently up the shingle down which he had but a little before come so tumultuously.

P. B. C.

THE MISSION OF TOC H

The following is the text of a talk given on April 18 to Colombo Branch, Ceylon, by one of its members, R. B. NAISH.

WE have just been hearing what Toc H is not,—that it is not an association of ex-service men, and that it is not just one more guild of good works. I have been asked to say, simply, and as briefly as I can, what Toc H seems to me to be, and what seems to me to be its mission.

Movements in the Christian Church

The Christian Church seems to advance by a series of movements, revivals, call them what you will. We think of the Cistercian movement in France and England in the XIIth century, of the Franciscan movement which started in Italy in the XIIIth century, of Lollardy in England, of the Hussite movement in Hungary, of Lutheranism in Germany, of Calvinism in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Scotland, and France, of Anabaptism, of Quakerism and Independency in England, and of Quietism in Germany, in the XVIIth century, of the Methodist revival in England in the XVIIIth century, of the Evangelical revival and the Oxford movement in England in the XIXth century. Can we claim that our own century is in no need of such a revitalizing movement? If we cannot, we ask ourselves, do we not, what that movement is to be? To me Toc H is a great deal more than a mere society of men who wish to do jobs which will be of service to their neighbours. I believe in it as containing in itself the germ of what can become, if we only supply the necessary faith and enthusiasm, a great religious movement which will take the place in our own time which those other movements which I have just mentioned took in their time. Only, I think that the opportunity before Toc H is a much greater one than that which was before any of the earlier movements,—because the progress of science in the last fifty or seventy-five years has made communication between the different parts of the world so very much quicker and easier. Think what a remarkable thing it is that Toc H is simultaneously extending its influence, within a few years of its birth, on opposite sides of the world, in Europe and in Australia.

Each of the movements of which I have just spoken was called into being by some need of its time. Many of them were concerned with some aspect of Christian doctrine, or with some matter of church order or government. Yet they all had this in common, that they were expressions of a longing to get back to the realities of Christianity and to make Christianity a real force in the world. With the Franciscan movement in particular I think that we in Toc H must feel a spiritual kinship. The primary interest of the Franciscan movement, like the primary interest of Toc H, was with Christianity as a way of life, rather than with Christianity as a system of belief. Like Toc H the Franciscan movement took for granted a common basis of belief and like Toc H it manifested itself in service rendered by the individual to those around him. Yet there was more in the Franciscan movement than mere service. I think we may say that the mission of the Franciscans was to teach the world of their day that Christianity is not a dream of perfection,

but that it is a rule of living which can be applied in everyday life,—in the day to day relations between man and man. If you want to know what I mean by this read Laurence Housman's Franciscan play *Brother Wolf*.

Toc H and the 'Next War'

Well, if Toc H is a movement like the Franciscan movement, and if, like the Franciscan movement, it has a mission in the world, what is that mission? At the bottom the mission of Toc H is, I believe, the same as the mission of the Franciscans, but with a special application to the particular needs of our time. Toc H had its origin in the War, and I myself believe that its mission, before everything else, is to create in Christian men of all sorts and conditions, of all races and nationalities and colours and classes, an intense sense of their common loyalty to Jesus Christ, to make the recognition of this common loyalty a living reality, instead of a distant ideal,—and so, by Christianizing international relations, to take away the occasion for future wars. I will go further, and say that I believe that Toc H has quite definitely a mission to prevent that next war that we are already beginning to hear about.

Perhaps you will think that I have here parted company from realities. You may ask how a few thousand people—~~most~~ of them not very important or influential—can turn the apparent current of affairs in the Pacific, in Manchuria, and perhaps we must add in Northern Europe. I can only say that I am convinced that if we really believe that we are on the side of all-wise, all-knowing, omnipotent, creative Love we are not doing our duty if we acquiesce in the idea of a next war as of something inevitable. That is to acknowledge defeat at the outset, and to acknowledge defeat is to do what lies in our power to ensure defeat. The thing as I see it is this. If Christians do not believe in their religion, or if believing in it they ~~act~~ as though they did not, they will, of course, never get anywhere. If they believe in it, and show by their actions that they believe in it, they can turn the world upside down. That was a discovery that the enemies of Christianity made very early in the Church's history. So it seems to me that we must accept the situation as an adventure of faith, leaving the issue with God. Perhaps it may comfort us to reflect that St. Paul must at times have doubted whether he was making much impression upon the paganism of the Roman Empire; and that it would probably have seemed impossible to John Wesley, at the beginning of his ministry, that he would end by shaking England from end to end out of the religious indifference of the beginning of the XVIIIth century.

'Satanism' and 'Caesarism'

What are the forces making for war to-day? I divide them in my mind into "Satanism" and "Caesarism." As an example of what I mean by "Satanism" I may mention the case I heard of the other day of a business man who was looking forward to another war because he expected to do well out of it. We mustn't judge the man; but to call his attitude of mind "Satanism" isn't abuse. It is merely to identify it as the attitude of mind which is summed up in "Evil, be thou my good." I put the case of the private manufacturers of armaments in the same category. Some of you like myself probably read the brief report which appeared in the local newspapers of a recent speech by the Chairman of Vickers, which showed

that he imagined that the sole objection to the trade his firm does was that their products might be used against the British Empire, and that he had apparently no conception that there might be objection, from the Christian point of view, to the manufacture of weapons of destruction for private gain and to giving the manufacturers of arms an interest in fomenting international quarrels. Here again, of course, we must not judge the individual, because self-interest will blind the eyes of really good men.

By "Cæsarism" I mean the creed—for it is a creed—which takes the State for an end in itself and which allows the interests of the State to over-ride all other considerations. You may find this creed applied to current politics in the *National Review*, and in a cruder form it underlay the "Musings without Method" which used to appear—perhaps still appear—in *Blackwoods Magazine*. While I was thinking over what I should say this evening I came across a very frank expression of it in the news columns of one of the local newspapers. It is a report of a pronouncement made at a church meeting in Berlin by a Dr. Krause, who is described as "the extreme Nazi German Christian,"—I should myself quarrel with the use of the last word:—

He told his audience they should set Hitler above God. . . . "Christianity is always international in its conscience," he complained, "but a man's own nation comes first. . . . It is an impossible idea that one can acknowledge the Third Reich, and yet obey God more than man. . . . We must return to a native scheme of values, retaining as much of Christianity as will stand this new test."

I do not read this for the purpose of creating prejudice against Hitlerism. For one thing the creed here expressed is in essentials—it is not unfair to say—the creed of a substantial proportion of Englishmen of the governing class; and secondly, if this creed is really sincerely held it is at least a much more clean, more decent, more wholesome thing than the "Satanism" that would seek profits at the cost of the lives and happiness of men and women, and what a Christian must consider worst of all, at the cost of the lives and happiness of little children. In its best form there is something fine about "Cæsarism," with its call to the individual to sacrifice himself to the ideal of the State. All the same it is a pagan creed, and it leads inevitably to war, because its highest conceptions are those of national prestige and national pride and national honour,—and national honour, I think it is fair to say, is far too often interpreted to mean that no substantial concessions must be made in international disputes, whatever good-will, or generosity, or benevolence might suggest. I call this creed "Cæsarism" because it is precisely the creed of the Roman Empire. The Christian who was called upon to burn incense before the statue of the Emperor was not being called upon to perform a senseless act of adulation, but to subscribe to the Cæsarist creed that the State came before everything else.

Christianity and World Peace

It is as true to-day as it was in the days of the Roman Empire that Cæsarism and Christianity are incompatible. In Christ Jesus, says St. Paul, "there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free." We can't square that with nationalist ideals; and yet it clearly lies at the very heart of Christianity. We are all acquainted, no doubt, with people who would not wish to be called other than Christians, and who yet

claim that Christian ideals are impracticable in international relations. It seems to me that Christianity—real Christianity—involves the acceptance of the belief that Christian ideals can be made to work, and that to accept the view that they cannot is to turn one's back on Jesus Christ and to burn incense before Cæsar's statue. In saying this I don't, of course, mean that the State is in itself a bad thing, or that we owe no duties to it. Our Lord Himself taught us that we must "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"; but don't forget that he went on to say—"and unto God the things that are God's."

I see nothing but Christianity that can bring real lasting peace to the world,—a peace not of exhaustion or of policy, but a "peace among men of good-will." I don't at all undervalue the League of Nations. Cæsarists are often decent, kindly people in their personal relations, and there is nothing to be lost, and very much to be gained, by the statesmen of the different nations getting to know each other and to appreciate each others' problems and responsibilities. But the League of Nations cannot prevent wars, and indeed it cannot survive in any effective form, unless it has behind it the support of a world public opinion that has been moulded on Christian lines. The League of Nations in some form is necessary; but unless there is the Christian spirit behind it, determined to make it an effective instrument of world peace, it cannot accomplish the work for which it was created. A well-informed and wise observer, and a warm friend of international good-will, said to me in Geneva three years ago—"Of course, treaties are mere scraps of paper," and went on to say that the really important thing about them was the spirit behind them.

The thing which *first* made me personally keen about Toc H was the perception that it might become a tremendous instrument for banding together the Christians of different races and nationalities in a common fellowship. This hope became something more as I sat the other day and listened to Calkin and Greenacre as they told us what Toc H is doing in England in the way of bringing together the different social classes in an understanding of their common faith, and how it is showing signs of spreading beyond the confines of the British Empire into Germany and the United States. But if this hope is justified Toc H is only at the beginning of things. It has hardly yet begun to gather momentum. Don't the undying ideals of Toc H drive us precisely in this direction? Isn't this the meaning, and isn't it the inevitable consequence, of trying to "love widely" and to "think fairly"?

A Japanese Saint

In a discussion which some of us had the other day on this subject somebody raised the question how Toc H can do anything in the way of bringing Christian nations into Christian relations with non-Christian nations. This raises the further question, What do we mean by a Christian nation? On the one hand candour compels us to recognize that the foreign policy of the British Empire is not guided exclusively by Christian ideals,—public opinion in Great Britain is not yet sufficiently Christianized for that. On the other hand in almost every nation nowadays there is at least a Christian minority, however small it may be, which cherishes the Christian ideals. When we discuss these questions at the present time we almost inevitably have Japan in our thoughts. I know very little about Japan, but I believe

that Cæsarism is an actual religion there, as much as it was in the Roman Empire : that is to say, divine honours are paid to the Emperor of Japan, as the embodiment of the spirit of the nation. The kind of Christianity which is likely to survive in an atmosphere of that kind is genuine and sincere Christianity which seeks no worldly advantages. Almost my only personal contact with Japanese Christianity has been with a Japanese Quaker who was an official of the International Labour Office at Geneva, and who seemed to me to give evidence of a humility of spirit to which many Christians who belong to the so-called Christian nations have never succeeded in attaining. Then again in the March number of *The Link*, the Australian Toc H journal, I find the following, in a review of a book entitled *Kagawa**;—

William Axling, of Tokyo, Japan, has presented a unique and fascinating story in his book, *Kagawa*. At Central Branch, Adelaide, one of the members compiled an address early last year on Kagawa, and in the course of remarks made at the close of the meeting the contributor was called on to write to Kagawa himself and express the appreciation of Toc H to him for what he had achieved in spiritual and social welfare in the East. It was a bold move, nevertheless a letter was sent to Wm. Axling at Tokyo asking for the enclosed letter to go forward to Kagawa. In due course a reply was to hand from Axling and he expressed appreciation of the reference made to the compilation of this remarkable biography. In course of mail a reply from Kagawa himself appeared, he, too, appreciating the reference to his life's work, and offering friendly congratulations to the Christian brothers striving together for the Kingdom of God. He says :—

"May you and your Toc H brothers have God's richest blessing on all your efforts, and trusting we shall be able to continue in fellowship with one another, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—TOYOHKA KAGAWA.

It is refreshing to Toc in Australia to have such close association with a man whose life has been so earnestly sacrificed for his people. The eradication of slums in six capital cities of Japan was one of his far-off dreams, but now that has been achieved, and legislation has brought in better conditions for the poor of that great nation.

Other work has progressed, and still Kagawa goes on even though he is feeble in body and suffering from an incurable disease, which has permanently robbed him of his sight, all through the sacrifice of sharing his bed with a dirty beggar who was seeking a night's lodging. His example of the Christian life is outstanding and he will hold a place in the annals of the present century for his unselfish service for others.

I think it is safe to say that if the settlement of the problem of the Pacific were negotiated in the spirit which inspired the message from the Central Branch, Adelaide, and Kagawa's reply, it would be found to be by no means insoluble. I do not say that a satisfactory settlement would necessarily be easy to find; but I think it is beyond doubt that if each party were honestly concerned to find out how much it could concede to the other, rather than how much it could get the other to concede, there could be no occasion for strained relations, or for anything but an atmosphere of mutual trust and good-will.

What does all this amount to, as regards our own duty here in Colombo? It seems to me that we are called upon to try to make our Branch representative of Christianity among as many nationalities and races and social classes as possible: not only that they may show to the world that, in the words of St. Paul which

* This book was reviewed in the JOURNAL, December, 1932.

I have already quoted, in Christ Jesus "there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free," but that our own sympathies may be broadened and that these words may become something more than words for us, may become part of the texture of our lives. In particular I feel very strongly that it is our duty to take any opportunities which may offer themselves of entering into relations of fellowship in our common faith with Japanese Christians. The Christianization of public opinion in Japan is a task for the Japanese Church; but it can be immeasurably forwarded by the sense of support and fellowship which the extension of the Toc H movement to Japan would give.

A word about 'Jobs'

Before I sit down I want to say just a word about Toc H jobs. It seems to me that while the jobs are an important, and indeed an essential, feature of Toc H they are not the main thing. They bear to my mind the same relation to the underlying mission of Toc H, as I believe it to be, that the loving acts of St. Francis and his companions bore to their mission. They are, or at least they ought to be, the natural expression, the flowering, of the faith that is in us.

If you have a fine emotion or a lofty purpose, you must, if you want to keep it, give it expression. If you don't, you will find that, in a way which you perhaps hardly expected, "faith without works is dead." The emotion will pass off, the purpose will lose its fine edge, the enthusiasm will disappear. But if you give them expression in some kind of work for others you will, by, so to say, "fixing" them, have done just so much towards making them a permanent part of yourself. And of course there is any amount of enjoyment to be got out of the jobs. I know that I should be very sorry to have to give up mine.

In the English Prayer Book revision of 1928 the words of the familiar response—

℣ Give peace in our time, O Lord

℟ Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God

have been altered to give what seems to me a far nobler meaning—

℣ Give peace in our time, O Lord

℟ Because there is none other that ruleth the world, but only Thou, O God.

Isn't this the spirit of our own Toc H prayer: "Strengthen the good thing thus begun, that with gallant and high-hearted happiness we may work for Thy Kingdom in the wills of men"?
R. B. N.

A 'Toc H Boys' Hostel

WE have received the Annual Report of the Toc H Boys' Hostel at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, for the year ended March 31. This excellent piece of service was described, with pictures, in the JOURNAL of January, 1932. Since the Hostel opened, 52 boys have been admitted, and during the last year 16 were in residence. The boys come from the Children's Orphanage, the Child Welfare Society, and from homes where the fathers are dead and the mothers in poor circumstances, etc. Most of the boys are still at school, but a few are already in work. There is no fixed charge and they pay what they can: the balance is made up by Toc H Maritzburg as part of its job.

A READING

WINTER 1918: how easily my memory carries me back to that one bleak and eventful year in Flanders, when the Regiment to whom I was attached found itself continually moving round the neighbourhood of Ypres and Poperinghe! In and out of the line, for days at a time, and seldom getting much further back than the Canal; to our contracted vision, nothing ever seemed to happen to vary this procedure—we were surely but pawns in a game.

For a time I was relegated to the post of Battalion Runner, and when Summer came, this gave me a relative amount of freedom from routine duty, for there were many journeys to distant ruined villages and woods, when my imagination could roam at will. I can recall many walks along miles of miniature railway lines, stepping from sleeper to sleeper most of the way, and in the lonely parts of the journey, reciting to myself—often out loud—whole poems that had lain dormant in my mind for years. The very incongruity of the scenes through which I was passing, and the situation in which I was placed, heightened my ecstasy. There *could* be no such thing as a war. I was anywhere but in Flanders, and yesterday's bloodshed, when three of my friends were killed by a shell, was not a truth.

Summer passed, and Winter found us in the usual scenes of mud, cold and the accompanying horrors of that time, in and out of the trenches. Then one day, we were taken out of the line, for a sort of respite, for three weeks to a place called "Dirty Bucket Camp," some four miles from Poperinghe. How quickly rumours spread of the relative wonders of that place—then almost free from shell fire, and of the Hostel there called "Talbot House"!

On the second day of our stay at the Camp I set off, late in the afternoon, across the plain skirting the high road, to "Pop." The thrill of seeing again complete houses and shops and an unruined Church, and many civilians, is easily recaptured even now, so vivid was the picture. Down the Main Street I hurried, with Talbot House as my objective—anxious to taste its famous joys; nor was I disappointed—for here was much to see. The whole atmosphere of the place—as soon as you crossed the threshold was of a welcome freedom from restraint in the military sense. And it seemed almost immune from enemy attack. Upstairs, a long room at the rear overlooked the garden. And above that it was a great experience to find, housed under the wide roof, a chapel unique of its kind, the famous Upper Room. The rest and beauty of that part of the house was like "shutting one's self into Peace," as I found myself there for some time alone.

But I must speak of the tiny room on the garden front of the first floor which bore over its doorway an inscription which, to my mind, set other rooms on that floor at a discount: the inscription was the one word "LIBRARY." One glance inside the room convinced me this was no dream, but a glorious fact. The shelves were lined, not with the expected ecclesiastical literature, but books of modern authors. Oh, so many old friends greeted me from those shelves—Shaw, Galsworthy, Kipling, Masfield, Stephen Phillips, Le Gallienne, and others. I browsed for a couple of hours or more, forgetting time, and selected two books, a Shaw and a Le Gallienne—to borrow, provided some amusing conditions were complied with.

As I emerged into the large room again there came from a door at the far corner, someone whose whole 'aura' seemed to epitomise the very spirit of the place. I felt instinctively that here was the Keeper of the secrets of the House—the "Innkeeper" himself. Alert and kindly, he came forward, and to my enquiry—"Might I actually borrow the books?" he spoke three words and backed them with a gesture as little practised as understood by most men. So I came away feeling mentally and spiritually uplifted, with two real books (not mere war-time newspapers) in my hand, and a casket of memories that are mine to this day.

I went many times to "Pop," and of course to the Old House and always came away with some borrowed books. What an oasis these tomes proved to me, as I devoured their pages! Assuredly this haven out there was Home; it was England herself.

* * * *

Winter once more, but in London, fourteen years later, when normal life had slowly but surely relegated war memories to an almost forgotten past and scattered my War comrades miles apart. One day (it was Bank holiday), I was on one of my usual wanderings round old London, this time in the neighbourhood of the Tower. I had long known that the old Church on Tower Hill, All Hallows, was the Guild Church of Toc H, but visiting it once again after a lapse of years, I was surprised to see the many changes effected within. The following Sunday evening saw me there at service. I forget the name of the preacher, but the service had the effect on me of a home-coming, of reaching at long last a haven I had sought. Amongst the notices read during the service, was one to the effect that "There would be a reading at 42, Trinity Square, to which all members of Toc H and other men were invited." I was not then a Toc H member and was a stranger at the Church, but I resolved to go across to the reading. That night, I only got as far as the door of the Hostel in Trinity Square. Glancing in on the happy few assembled, I doubted whether I really had any right to intrude—and so came away; yet honestly longing to be one of that company, I remember walking home all the way from Trinity Square to Swiss Cottage, feeling about the loneliest person in London. This time it was all my own fault.

But the following Sunday evening I resolved to "brave the elements" as regards the reading, if the chance occurred again—which it did. What was my joy to find that the preacher that evening was "The Innkeeper," Tubby himself. I say "preacher," but as all the world knows he never preaches at all in the accepted term, but just talks and somehow lifts one's heart and mind to greater heights of peace and understanding than most sermons have power to do.

I remember that night he quoted a verse of Richard Le Gallienne—

*Loud mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again;
Twice pierced His gospel-bringing feet,
Twice broken His great heart in vain.
I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.*

I wonder under what heading one should place that sensation, when we seem for a few moments to be re-living an experience, that a flash of memory tells us we have gone through before? Going up the centre aisle of the Church after the service that night, I came face to face with "The Innkeeper." This time it was not a case of "may I borrow a book!" but "may I come to the reading?" Once again were the same words spoken in reply with the same rare gesture of fifteen years before.

I had now no excuse but to go to the reading, and thus I found myself escorted to No. 42 by the Innkeeper himself. And there I found the self-same spirit of service that dominated the Old House at Poperinghe, something one cannot put into mere words, for it must be felt to be truly realised. This feeling was mine again that night—it was a homecoming indeed, that made many other nights seem but a twilight in comparison.

Over coffee and cakes we talked for a while and then there came the joy of the reading itself for just about a dozen of us, round the fire in a circle. Tubby came downstairs armed with many tomes,—taking off his collar for greater freedom, pulling out his pipe, and seating himself on the floor amongst us.

What a feast of literature he gave us that night—Dickens, Masfield, St. Francis! For an hour-and-a-half he entranced us. Rarely does one have the privilege of listening to a born raconteur who can transform the penned into the living word. Such was the joy of that evening and many others later. Above and around it all there was that complete understanding, and that God-sent laughter which breaks down all barriers—if indeed any existed between us. This was the real Toc H spirit exemplified.

Yes, for me, my wanderings of heart and mind had come round to full circle—from the little library at the Old House, to the "Reading at Toc H." Here at last I had found HOME.

W. B. MORRIS.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

William L. Nixon: Falkirk South Group

BILL NIXON, who passed over in March, was one of the original and most loyal members of Falkirk South Group. His work in the Watson Memorial Boys' Club was his special job and the lads there will miss him greatly.

George Bulmer: Guisborough Branch

GEORGE, who died suddenly on April 11, was first Pilot of his Branch. One of the founders of the unit, he was formerly its Secretary. On the night before his passing he visited Redcar Branch to cheer his own team in the inter-unit games, and was apparently in the best of health.

Mrs. Charles Garton

With the passing of Mrs. GARTON, another of the company of faithful women who have stood behind Toc H from its early days has gone Home. Her charming personality and her beautiful home at Banstead Wood were known to a few members; her understanding and her prayers were always ours; her gifts to us were generous and strictly anonymous—with the exception of the Lamp which Barnet Branch holds in memory of her two sons, Clive and Herbert, both of the Rifle Brigade, who fell in 1918 and 1916. When she herself passed over, on May 22, she left the world the poorer by the loss of a gracious presence.

TRAINING BOYS AND MEN

Brief reference was made in the April JOURNAL to the retirement of two of the best-known members of our staff, RONALD GRANT and JOLIFFE WALKER. Their many friends in Toc H will be glad to have some first news of them in their present surroundings. Here is an article by the first; news of 'JOLLI' will, we hope, soon follow.

Let us introduce RONNIE GRANT's account of his new work by reminding readers of his record in Toc H. At a meeting of the Central Executive in 1922, Lt.-Col. R. C. GRANT was dramatically introduced. A financial appeal to business men in London was under discussion and when someone asked who should direct it, TUBBY said "I've got the man in the next room": the door was opened and RONNIE arrived. In 1923 and 1924 he was living at Mark VIII, Sheffield, as 'Northern Organising Secretary,' in days before there were Areas or Area staffs. From 1922 to 1929 he served on the Central Executive. At the end of 1924 he was transferred from Sheffield to London, first as 'Deputy General Secretary' and then as General Secretary of Toc H. In the Spring of 1929 he was 'seconded' for two years' service in South Africa, where he worked hard to consolidate the organisation of Toc H, which Harry Ellison's and Gilbert Williams' visits had begun. His tour of duty was extended and he arrived home again in October, 1931. During 1932 and 1933 he served as Southern Area Secretary. North and South and Overseas he not only did an immense amount of organising and routine work of many kinds, but took a leading share in all three spheres in the production of Festival 'Masques' and the like. Early this year he was appointed to the position of warden of the Farm Colony for Boys at Wallingford in Berkshire, run by the Christian Service Union, a difficult and valuable 'Toc H job,' as his account of it, which follows, will show. It needs our help.

IN 1895 a group of men of varying Christian denominations formed themselves into a body to experiment in schemes for dealing with the problem of unemployment on Christian lines. At that time the situation was of course nothing like so grave as it became after the War and the principal factors which seemed to need grappling with were physical disabilities and the need for some simple training after the lad left school. In 1896 a start was made by the purchase of a 250 acre farm at Lingfield, Surrey, and a dozen colonists established there. For 13 years this colony was maintained partly as a training centre for able-bodied youths and partly for epileptic children.

This combination was obviously unsatisfactory and in 1911 a 500 acre farm was purchased on the Western slopes of the Chiltern Hills, near Wallingford, known as Turners Court, and modern buildings erected to accommodate 120 colonists and staff. To-day the Wallingford Farm Training Colony accommodates 300 colonists and some 78 staff. It comprises just under 1,000 acres of farm land of which some 400 is arable. It supports a pedigree herd of tuberculin-tested Ayrshires, poultry and some 600 pigs. The Colony is equipped with modern buildings each accommodating 50 to 75 colonists, a fine concert hall, a sanatorium, a swimming bath, big recreation fields and of course the necessary farm buildings and cottages. In all over £70,000 has been invested.

The purpose of the Colony is to fit youths for agricultural employment and to place them in situations equipped both by technical and moral training to become good citizens. These colonists come, in the main, from the Public Assistance Committees on attaining school-leaving age, but some are sent by relatives and some

by Probation Officers. Physical fitness is an essential for their admission. Their ages vary from 14 to over 20: the proportion of age is, on an average, 70 per cent. under 18 and 30 per cent. over. More than 70 per cent. of the colonists have been successfully placed in employment, mainly on the land.

The Brotherhood

The particular feature of our Colony is the Brotherhood. Side by side with the purpose of training boys is the by-product of training men, who have a vocation, for the professions of social service. The colonists are divided into squads of 8 to 10 boys and each squad is in charge of a Brother. Theoretically the Brother comes to the colony with a vocation for work amongst men; normally he expects to remain for a period of 3 years gaining experience and qualifying for more permanent service with Borstal institutions, Reformatory schools, Unemployment centres, etc. He receives board, lodging, and washing; 10/- per week for the first year, 11/- for the second year, 12/- for the third year; he has a fortnight's holiday with pay and an extra holiday allowance of £2, and a small yearly bonus. He works with the boys on the farm, plays with them on their recreation ground and in the day-rooms, and generally acts as big brother, friend and counsellor. He sleeps in a cubicle off the dormitory and has his meals with the boys except in the evening when he has supper in the house staff-room. The team of six or eight brothers in each house is supervised by the 'house-father.' Life for them is no easy matter—the work is not hard but it is long, and constant intercourse with untutored, and sometimes sub-normal, intellects is a continued strain; constant disappointments and ingritudes and misunderstandings are met with; but the work is healthy and wholesome and the response, though often grudging, is far more real than one would think and when it does express itself openly it gives immense and lasting joy.

As to the value of experience as a brother there can be no question, and those responsible for staffing some of our big national institutions look to the Colony to supply recruits for their permanent staff. To those who are contemplating ordination or missionary work amongst men a period here as a brother would also be invaluable. The difficulty, as I see it, is to secure volunteers who really come as the result of a genuine vocational call. Frankly, I pin my hope for this on Toc H—it is a Toc H job without equal—a team of 30 odd brothers here all filled with the Toc H spirit would work miracles—I am certain of it. I have no criticism of the gallant men who are now working here but we want a constant supply bigger than our demands. We want the best men of the highest Christian vision, we want men who have that preparatory experience of working in—and being worked on by—the Toc H family.

The Need for After-Care

Here is another way in which Toc H can help. Some 75 colonists go out every year to employment; we want some system of after-care. Many lads go out at the age of 16 or 17, they have been brought up in Children's homes before coming here and have led a comparatively sheltered existence. It is of the utmost importance that they should find a friend and counsellor to help them until they get settled

in. Someone who can keep us in touch and report on the lad's welfare, his employer's opinion of him, and advise and befriend him. Henceforth, wherever possible I am sending particulars of such lads to District Secretaries. May I ask for the whole-hearted co-operation of units? We have some 80 scouts and rovers who go for a 14 days' summer camp in August—about 150 other colonists who have no relatives to holiday with also go into camp for a fortnight. I would welcome any volunteers to join in these camps. We would also welcome concert and dramatic parties, football and cricket teams and visitors who wish to come and see the Colony are always welcome. We of the staff in some ways lead a rather lonely and isolated existence; outside contacts would help us all and your prayers sustain us, while our experience here may perhaps be of some help to jobmasters and others in the wider field of Toc H service.

*Turners Court,
Benson, Oxon.*

RONALD GRANT,
Warden.

The Work of a Brother

We are able to support Ronnie Grant's account of the work by printing a letter which RITCHIE LOUIS, an Abyssinian member of Toc H, well known to Manchester members, writes to his friends in Mark XIV.

*The Farm Training Colony,
Benson, Oxon.,
May 10, 1934.*

MY DEAR MARKSMEN,

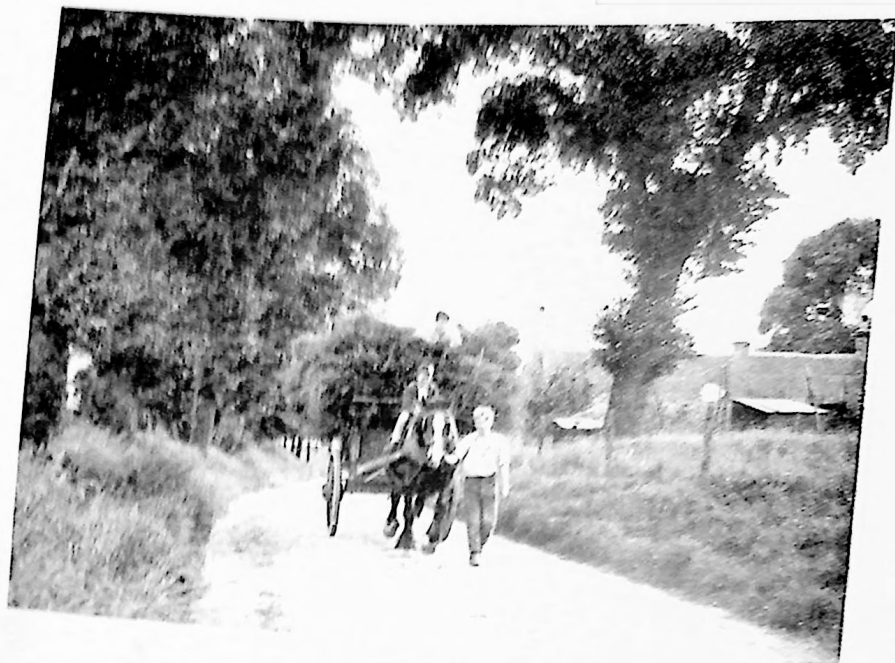
At last I am able to let you know something about this job down here, on the Training Farm Colony. I am here as a "Brother," and it is a real Toc H job, full of great works, and hard work too. You have to do three things, and you have to do them well. First you must work hard; then you must play hard; and you must pray hard too, because you are copied by all the boys in the small homes, and as these boys move up to the bigger homes they take with them the spirit caught in the small homes, and in turn become "builders of character."

Here is a slight idea of my work as a "Brother":—we start the work on Monday morning by a bell ringing at 6.30 a.m.; I have to be up fifteen minutes before then, start my wash and shave, then call the boys in my "Dorm" as soon as the bell starts to ring. By the way, each boy has to be called in turn, and thus five or six minutes are spent in doing this. I then go back to my cubicle and finish my dressing. I am generally dressed at a quarter to seven; then I walk up and down the "Dorm" hustling the slow ones on with a smile, or sharp word where necessary. At ten minutes to seven a bell goes for "Roll Call," all the boys are then out and the "Dorm" doors are locked. If I am quick I get in in time for prayers with the boys; another Brother takes "roll" and prayers.

At 6.55 a.m. we go over to the dining hall for breakfast, which by the way should start at 7.0 a.m. and finish at 7.25 a.m., and consists of cocoa, bread and butter or dripping or jam and a cereal. Breakfast over, we meet again at the workshed at 7.30, get our jobs, collect our squads, get the necessary tools and start to work; work starts about 7.45 a.m. The work is on the land—ploughing, sowing, tilling, etc.



ABOVE : Some of the Buildings of the Colony.
BELOW : Some of the Boys in the Summer Camp.



Above: The Last Load. (Photo: Sport & General.)

Below: The Day Starts. (Photo: P. O. Collier & Eric Guy, Reading.)

Each Brother is given a "squad" to look after and work with; he is also responsible for the moral character and discipline of his squad; it is a remarkable thing to note that the boys hold a fine regard for their squad Brother and are very loyal to him.

The mid-day meal is at 12.15 a.m.; soup and boiled pudding or stew and rice pudding or some dish of the usual type of food one can prepare easily. Work starts again at 12.55 p.m. and ends at 4.45 p.m. Tea at 5.0 p.m.: this is a meal of tea, bread and butter, bread and jam and occasionally a piece of cake. The Brother who has been on duty all day with his squad, sometimes goes on duty in the recreation room till supper time. In any event if his heart is in his work he spends recreation time with the lads. At intervals there is the duty of dining hall; to be in hall before the meal starts, to open the doors and say grace, during the meal to walk up and down the room and keep order; I am free at 1.0 p.m., after which I go to the workshed, collect my squad and send them off to work. Here again the Brother can set a wonderful example by his general demeanour to his squad; I have trained my squad to go to work and start work on their own during my time off to eat my dinner, which is from 1.5 to 1.30 p.m., because when I am on dining hall duty I get my own dinner after the boys.

At five o'clock work ends and we go to tea, I am on dining hall duty again; this is a very quiet time, because they are anxious to get out and have a swim or a game of cricket or football. I finish my tea at six o'clock, get a hurried change and rush down to the swimming pool, open the door and stand on duty, keeping an eye on the learners and chatting to those who are keen on style.

At eight o'clock I get them out of the pool and hurry down to the cricket pitch to see my home team or squad play and listen to their achievements and how "Eit" got bowled; the bell goes at 8.30 and we run in to roll call and prayers and supper, then I rush up to "Dorm" if I am on duty, here again I have to see them wash, changed into their night clothes and in bed by 9.10 p.m., then I chat about anything, the Bible, the outside world, last Sunday's sermon, etc., etc.

'Lights out' at 9.30 p.m. and I remain in the "Dorm" till 10.15 p.m.; then retire to bed after a full day, but a happy day, with of course little rifts here and there, but the joy is the look of happiness on the faces of many of the boys after I have played a game with them or shared a joke or explained some point of interest.

I have gathered many little sidelights as to their home-life or, if you like, their life up to the time before they came to the Colony. Here and there I have been able to encourage the small bit of hope in their heart, hope of work in the future. I have to listen to each boy's story and to listen with patience, also to play games and to explain many points, so you see it is a real job and a Toc H job too.

I hope all the 'Blokes' in the Mark are well and that one or two will be able to read between the lines of this letter and so link up with the Colony. Come over and help, it is a great job.

Yours very sincerely,

RITCHIE LOUIS,

("Ben Kassa.")

THIS AND THAT

The second of a series of articles by 'Toc' on controversial questions which deserve discussion.

2.—Films and Spilt Milk

OVER twenty million people form the audience for the entertainment films exhibited in this country every week, twenty million people drawn from all classes and conditions and of all grades of education, upbringing and receptivity. They pay out more than three-quarters of a million pounds a week in their search for regular release from the monotony of their everyday lives, and the last thing which occurs to them is that they are improving their minds or adding to their store of culture or information. Yet this steady output of films, (over 70 per cent. of which comes from Hollywood) is subtly and almost imperceptibly forming public opinion in a hundred and one little ways, on such diverse subjects as the interpretation of history, the character and behaviour of other nations and other strata of society, the relative importance of various developments in current affairs. Regular attendance at the cinema inevitably forms standards of judgment, not only in bodily comfort, but in aesthetic and ethical matters as well. It influences speech and language, mind and morals. It is a wider influence than the press or the wireless. Small wonder therefore that we commonly hear people saying with a sigh that they wish the cinema had been controlled and planned from infancy as the radio has been. It would be foolish to contend that all the effects of modern film output and distribution are bad, but it cannot be denied that the vast bulk of the entertainment provided is practically uncontrolled, beyond the quota system which regulates the entry of U.S. films, the mildly restrictive veto of the Film Censor and the imposition of the 'Adult' and 'Universal' categorisation. Is it too late to try to do anything? Is it a case of spilt milk?

In 1932 a "*Commission on Educational and Cultural Films*" issued a report, in the course of which it advocated the establishment of a National Film Institute under a Royal Charter rather similar in organisation to the B.B.C., and designed to exert a beneficial influence over the whole range of cinematography. This proposal was not enthusiastically greeted by the film trade. In the following year a "*British Film Institute*" was set up by representatives of the film trade acting in co-operation with members of the Commission which issued the report. This body is in active existence to-day, controlled by a chairman, nine governors, a manager and a secretary, and financed partly through membership subscriptions and partly through a generous state grant from the Cinematograph Fund—the proceeds of Sunday performances. It is guided and advised by able and distinguished people and has outlined an important sphere of action for itself.

The British Film Institute has been subjected to considerable criticism on the grounds that it is unduly subject to trade domination, and restricted in its functioning to the limited list of educational or instructional films. There can be no doubt that our Film Institute differs from the body postulated in the Commission's Report. It is also quite unlike the Institutes set up by the state in France, Germany, Japan, Poland, Italy and Russia, and used in the last two countries at any rate, for mass

propaganda purposes. Apart from undertaking systematic propaganda to educate public taste it can have little or no effect on the great bulk of the film-fare provided week by week in the cinemas. Nevertheless, half-a-loaf is better than no bread. It is acting as a clearing-house for information, an advice-bureau for educational bodies anxious to use films, a liaison office between the trade and cultural organisations, a centre of propaganda and research, a repository and cataloguing agency for films of permanent value. It runs a good quarterly magazine of serious film matters and proposes to organize a summer school. All these forms of activity can but exert a beneficial, if comparatively insignificant, influence in the tackling of the problem. Above all the existence of the Institute will help to mobilise opinion and extend and increase opportunities of seeing the best types of films; it will spread intelligent criticism and form a rallying point for the somewhat scattered demand for the best. At any rate this is an organisation which men of goodwill should support and help to make strong.

Some Questions for Discussion

Here are some questions for discussion and debate:—

- (a) Do the talkies influence more people than the wireless?
- (b) How can films affect the public's view of history, society, politics, and even religion and morals?
- (c) Do you ever remember enjoying educational films on Natural History, ethnology and such topics? Do you appreciate synthetic travel *via* the cinema? Are they widely used?
- (d) What do you personally think about the British Films you have seen? What do they do better than we can at Hollywood? and why?
- (e) Do you like the French René Clair films—"Le Million," "Quatorze Juillet," etc.; the German "U.F.A." films; and the Flaherty films such as "Nanook" and "Man of Aran"?
- (f) How would you suggest the film-world might be better controlled than it is, or should it be left alone?
- (g) Why should we not rest content with setting up "Film Societies" and "Guilds" for non-commercial exhibition of really good films and abandon the field of the public cinemas to the free action of demand and supply?
- (h) Is the cinema competing harmfully with the theatre? Is it affecting the taste of youth for amateur theatricals and music making?

Toc.

A Training Course for Club Leaders

THE National Association of Boys' Clubs is holding a training course in Club Leadership from July 6—July 15 at the Y.M.C.A., Dale End, Birmingham. The course will be supervised by that redoubtable Toc H member, Colonel 'RONNIE' CAMPBELL (now Director of Physical Education at Edinburgh University) and among the speakers are HUBERT SECRETAN, Dr. STANSFELD and BASIL and Mrs. HENRIQUES. Every aspect of Club life will be dealt with and those attending will have a very full day's work. Numbers are limited to fifty, and early application should be sent (together with the fee of 5s.) to the Secretary, N.A.B.C., 27, Bedford Square, W.C.1. The cost of full board and lodging for the course is £2 5s. od. The Annual Conference will be held at Edinburgh on June 29—July 2.

MUCH FINE GOLD

The name of Dr. GORDON RYRIE is well known to members of Toc H. His pen has supplied several articles to the JOURNAL in the cause of Leprosy and the Leper Hospital at Sungei Buloh. For this, his speech at Selangor, F.M.S., we are grateful to the ST. ANDREW'S OUTLOOK, the quarterly magazine of the Presbyterian Church in Malaya.

“ONE can look at a leper from very varying points of view. There are visitors who apparently see Sungei Buloh as a pleasant place with model buildings and electric light—people who see the sunlight only and from whose eyes the pall and black cloud are mercifully hidden. There are those who see it as a valley of sores—a vast putrefaction. There are those for whom single scenes or incidents remain in the memory—a single face of a little child. I remember a visitor who came round when a group of patients in one of the clubs was holding a meeting. They were voting on some question by a show of hands. The visitor afterwards told me, “I shall never forget that little forest of hands, some of them shapeless, some of them twisted, some with bent fingers, some with bandages—lifted hands that spoke.”

Perhaps someone may say, “Why should we think about lepers or a Leper Settlement at all?” I think I can tell you one of a number of reasons why. A month or so ago on the road between Kepong and Sungei Buloh there walked an old Chinese with a straggling white beard and a very bent back. On his leg was an open sore—big as an orange—powdered with the dust of the road. He had walked fifty miles over a mountain pass. It had taken him days. His feet were bandaged with rags. He was covered with leprosy. His steps would falter a little, then become short, quick and trembling, then falter again. For he knew he was getting fairly near now. Just outside the Settlement is a row of tin sheds where cattle are sometimes kept. The old man came, looked at the valley fresh and smiling, looked at the model leper buildings and knew that they were not meant for him. He looked at the tin sheds. That must be the place for lepers such as he. He lay down—slept with an utter exhaustion that bordered on coma.

Next day he woke. There were no other lepers—no one came near him. After three days we found him in that old tin shed, starving, bewildered, still utterly weary. He was carried to the leper hospital another half mile away and kindly hands dressed his sores, washed away the dust of the long road and brought his food. In a day it was obvious that he was not to recover. For hours we kept fighting a hopeless battle, hoping that by some chance we might save him. In the early evening he roused a little and grew conscious of our presence, of the tubes and instruments and dressing trays. He spoke in a low toneless voice, “Tuan, don’t bother I think. . . . if a leper dies. . . . it doesn’t matter very much.” I can hear him now, “Tuan, *Tidapa ini macham orang mati, tidapa.*” He did not speak again.

It is not true to say that all that is left of that old Chinese is the little black post with a number on it in the Settlement graveyard. There is something more. There is that slow toneless voice—“If a leper dies it doesn’t matter.” But if our presence in the East stands for anything at all—*It Does Matter.*

One sometimes feels that sense of the fantastic about the Leper Settlement, a place of lonely tragedy, a place unreal to us, inhuman. This is not so. The Leper can be very human. A patient whom I will call Muttu, a South Indian, was discharged a week or two ago cured. Tall and lanky with a lean hatchet face, he used to remind me of the old caricatures of Uncle Sam. He had run away from home at an early age and became a soldier. Soldiering was, I am afraid, an education for Muttu; he learnt a good deal of the old soldier’s philosophy of life. Learning soldiering, he appeared next in South Africa; from time to time he has regaled me with grim tales of the Boer War, stories of his life as a gold miner, of long hours under the whip in the sugar canes.

Eventually he returned to India and the *wanderlust* seized him again, and so to Malaya where he developed leprosy and came to Sungei Buloh. Muttu had a genius for getting into scrapes but he had frank eyes and one of the most innocent and disarming smiles I have ever known. When the time came for him to go, I was sorry to part with the seasoned old wanderer who was at least a cheerful sinner and who knew how lucky he was to be cured. He had met with little kindness in his rough life and he was one of the most grateful patients I have had.

Some time after he was gone, while I sat in my house the boy appeared to say that a Tamil wished to speak to me. I went down—it was Muttu. He had come back, he said to thank me once more before his departure for India. He wished me every good thing a man can wish for, and there were tears, genuine tears, of gratitude in his eyes as he told me that every day of his life he would pray for me. I listened, thought with some emotion on the old Ulysses on his travels again, and watched his rather pathetic, lanky, brave figure turn to the road once more. Turning, he smiled that sweet disarming smile of his—it is my last picture of him. As he made his way round the back, he stole a hen in passing. Ever the old soldier you see, but I like to think that he really was grateful.

Courage

One of the things that must strike every visitor is that magnificent courage in the face of adversity that one can see writ large in Sungei Buloh. Courage is not just a matter of momentary heroism, the yielding to some sudden reckless impulse. Many people are capable of that. But let life maim you—maim you slowly—shut you off from your kind, take your hands and your feet and your face and mould them as leprosy can mould them, give you to know that for you there is no hope and no release—and how much courage does it need not to give in? How much courage does it need to go beyond that and keep your patience, your courtesy, your determination not to be on the scrap heap. We have one-armed men who make

baskets. There is an old Chinese woman in Sungei Buloh who has no hands. She is an advanced leper. She sews beautifully. She holds the needle between the stumps of her wrists and pulls it through the cloth with her gums—she has no teeth. Is that courage?

What, perhaps, a visitor does not see so much, what one only sees in glimpses now and again, is the loneliness and the empty heart of the woman who has grown up a leper, without beauty, without colour, without attraction.

— and Love

A woman I shall call Ah Lee was admitted to the Settlement last year. Ah Lee is about forty years old and has been a leper since girlhood. She is not pretty, she never has been. Her appearance is such that even other lepers are not anxious to associate with her, and leprosy has affected her throat so that she can speak only with difficulty and then in a strained hoarse whisper. As no one wished to stay with her and she could not talk to the others, she was given a little house to herself. When I returned from leave last year I discovered that a large number of pariah dogs had managed to make the Settlement their home. This was very undesirable in every way and I gave orders that the dogs were to be destroyed. The next day Ah Lee emerged from her little house and came to see me. It was a silent interview. There she stood in the sunlight, mutilated and ungainly, looking appealingly at me. At her heels was a little pariah dog. Then I remembered that I had ordered all dogs to be destroyed. They stood stock still there, leper and pariah. Old Ah Lee made a sign. The dog saluted by placing a paw on the top of one ear. She fumbled about, produced a key and balanced it on the dog's nose. The dog slowly rose to a begging position with the key still balanced. Ah Lee looked at me again and said nothing—she had won. There are no dogs in the Settlement to-day except one—the pariah of Ah Lee. A lonely woman cut off from speech, cut off from friendship, with who knows what vague aches and longings, that were eased by affection lavished on a pariah.

Perhaps the story of these people of whom I have spoken may tell you better than words of mine that there is something more than the bacillus of leprosy working in Sungei Buloh. They are human beings whom you can help.

What should we feel about a Leper Settlement? Is it right that diseases like leprosy should exist? Is it just that children should suffer, as I have seen a leper child suffer? I do not know. I could talk about the connection between pain and progress, the evolution of genius through abnormality and so on, but I will not. One sees the tragedy, but one sees, also, all the courage that seeks no reward, all the courtesy that can be so human and so fine.

I remember reading an adventure story long, long ago of how a sailor and a boy went through incredible adventures looking for a hidden hoard of gold. They found it at last but it was hidden away in a cliff down the dark gulf of a precipice where neither they nor any human hand could reach it. They gazed down at the treasure. "Look at all that gold, Jim," said the sailor, his eyes shining as he gazed at the dully gleaming mass far below. "We cannot touch it; we cannot reach it, but it is good to see it—look at all that gold."

I think that if I were asked about the tragedy of a Leper Settlement, I should say, too, "Look at all that gold."

G. R.

MULTUM IN PARVO

✂ P. SUTHERLAND GRAEME has been elected Chairman of the Central Executive in succession to HARRY WILLINK, who has served the Executive in the chair, first as Deputy to LORD FORSTER and later as Chairman, since 1927.

✂ The Rev. A. INGLIS is acting temporarily as whole-time Padre at Derby, until July, after which he will join Bishop Neville Talbot's staff at St. Mary's, Nottingham.

✂ Subject to the approval of the Methodist Conference, the Rev. KENNETH G. BLOXAM will be appointed to be Area Padre, South Western Area, and will take up his duties on September 1.

✂ IAN FRASER (Assistant Area Secretary, Lakeland Division of the North Western Area) will be transferred to Scotland in September, as Secretary Scotland Central Area.

✂ The appointment of a Secretary to the ARGENTINE Council, announced in last month's JOURNAL, cannot now be taken up for reasons of health.

✂ AREA FESTIVALS have been fixed as follows:—SOUTHERN at Winchester, July 21/22; NORTH WESTERN at Lancaster in October; LONDON (SOUTHERN) on December 1; LONDON (NORTHERN) on December

13; LONDON (WESTERN) on December 15; WEST MIDLANDS at Birmingham on December 15.

✂ Padre ALBERT HOLMES (Eastern Canada) recently attended the Festival of Toc H U.S.A. at Washington, and Padre JIM HUBBARD (U.S.A.) that of the Eastern Canada Region, at Montreal.

✂ The Pilgrimage to the Old House, for MARRIED COUPLES, is fixed for September 7—10. Members are reminded that accommodation at Skindles Hotel, especially in double rooms, is limited; it will be reserved in order of application.

✂ The L.W.H. LAMPLIGHTING FESTIVAL will be held on Saturday and Sunday, October 27 and 28. The Thanksgiving Service and Festival Guestnight will both be held for the first time in the Albert Hall, to which members of Toc H are very cordially invited, including those from units which have no corresponding L.W.H. Further particulars from Festival Secretary, 28, Great Tower Street, E.C.3.

✂ The address of JOHN MALLET (Eastern Area Secretary) is now 119, Walton Road, Ware, Herts.

TOC H TRAVELLERS' TALES

With Tubby to the Middle East—I.

News of TUBBY, who set out for South Africa via Palestine and Iraq on April 14, has begun to reach home, mainly in the form of letters ("with one eye on the JOURNAL") to PAT LEONARD from JOHN GRAHAM, who is with Tubby.

Across Europe

JOHN GRAHAM *writes from Jaffa, April 23:—*

We couldn't have had a better journey out, and I, at any rate, feel in top form at the beginning of the I.P.C. (*Iraq Petroleum Company*) job; I think Tubby is fit, too—the signs of languishing are not very obvious, at any rate. Yesterday was the culmination of a very varied week—which started with the cold and drizzly Channel crossing. In PARIS where we had an hour or two and strolled sleepily out to see how the celebrated '*vie*' was getting on, there were just the first suspicions of heat and Spring. There was a warm setting sun which just caught the tops of real, rich green trees, and made us feel Spring couldn't be so far off after all. However, we were both so sleepy that we nearly got run over by cursing gentlemen in cabs several times, and we weren't sorry to be safely packed into the Simplon Orient Express, and to settle down for a long, long night. I was next conscious at Milan, where Tubby woke me at 10 a.m. with an exhortation to buy imaginary 'pipers'; and we really began to feel the sun a bit that day. We cruised along through Northern Italy all day—steaming into Venice station for ten minutes tantalisingly near the centre of things; and later down to Trieste, with a glorious fishing fleet motionless a mile or two out to sea. The most impressive picture in that day's scenery was Lake Garda, bright blue, with white villas and budding passion flowers and blossom on its banks, and behind a mountain—what mountain, I don't know—snow-capped, like some great human form asleep—the lower slopes lost in the haze that gave the glorious sleepy calm to the lake.

The next day we jogged along through the rich Jugo-Slav countryside—almost English, though there are 500 miles of uninterrupted pasture and scattered farms and

hamlets, without a town of any size, and the fields and valleys are backed with barren mountains and dotted with farm labourers in much more picturesque colours and clothes than most English villagers adopt. A very uneventful day—except for a slight *contre-temps* with the Customs at the Jugo-Slav-Greek boundary. They flooded me with Serbian, and I replied in English (*fortissimo*); this didn't appear to please, so I shook all the hands I could see and took off my hat to everyone indiscriminately. This simple action seemed to convince the honest Serbs that I wasn't smuggling and we were allowed to pass.

On the 17th we spent the afternoon and evening in ATHENS and dined with the sister of Mr. Metaxas—the Greek member of Toc H near Mark Lane; a very amusing party, with very little common language. Tubby, however, wrote little sentences in Ancient Greek for them to decipher, and, by way of toasting our hostess, recited about 40 lines of a Greek play much to the delight but mystification of the party. The next day we lunched with the Consul, a Mr. E. C. Hole, at one time a Cambridge Boxing Blue, and Tubby afterwards spoke to the lunch party of about a dozen on the possibilities of Toc H in Athens, where there is a community of about 700 English people.

Interlude at Athens

An account of Tubby's time in Athens has been sent to the JOURNAL by two Greek friends, THEODORE STOUPAKIS, of the Standard Oil Company of New York, and STAMATIOS VACAS, civil engineer. We print this just as we have received it.

"By the 'Acropole Express' (otherwise Simplon-Orient) at 11.55 a.m. on Tuesday the 17th April, 1934, the town of Athens was

proud enough in welcoming Rev. P. B. Clayton, Founder Padre of the world-famed Toc H movement and his friend 'John,' Mr. John Graham, *en route* to their long-awaited South African tour *via* Palestine and Syria and on their usual God-blessed mission of 'conquering hate'!

"Even the Attic sky, which—most exceptionally for this time of the year—was rather cloudy, the moment the train was coming in, cleared up and the sun shone over the place, just as the Lamp of Maintenance's Chain of Light circling the earth, and the bright brains of the Toc H workers, guided by the Double Cross, which they so fittingly possess as their symbol, and headed by their Patron H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

"Thanks to the due and timely intimation given by Mr. Spyros B. Metaxas, of Mark Lane Station Buildings, London, a member of Toc H, to whom we are grateful indeed, we, his friends in Greece and admirers of the movement, were also enabled to share the association of, and extend a few services to, our distinguished visitors, besides the cordial reception and entertaining accorded to them by Messrs. E. C. Hole and G. S. Blake of the local British Consulate General.

"The afternoon of their arrival day was spent in country driving, for getting an idea of the city suburbs and obtaining the most they could of the really pretty and fascinating sceneries within an easy reach of the capital. The morning of their departure day was spent in city-proper site-seeing, *i.e.*, the several government and civil buildings and institutions and the Acropolis (where a hurried snapshot was taken but, to our great disappointment, not successful). There Rev. Clayton had the pleasure and kindness not only to be fully occupied with his own enquiries and several questions regarding all the interesting antiquities he was admiring, but also to reply and satisfy varied doubts put forward by Japanese marines, who happened to be visiting that same morning the Acropolis for the first time during these post-war years; so even in this case he was proved a kind helper and guide to all in need of his lights!

"Apart from other important sights we had visited a Byzantine Church—ex-cathedral—of

St. Eleutherios, dating back to the VIIth century, of an exceptional beauty and symmetry, and Rev. Clayton was pleasantly surprised and happy indeed to notice the Double Cross carved, between other Christian religious symbols, on the front side of the building over the main door, thus crowning up his sight-seeing with the glorious symbol of the Toc H movement he so Christianly started.

"Of course Tubby, *kalos k'agathos* (good and kind), as we used to call him here, is very easily pleased, but we must admit he was looking as happy as he could, and as regards his friend John, his satisfaction goes beyond description, though his was not the first visit to this place.

"'This is the end of a perfect visit,' Tubby said, the moment we were parting; 'This is the end of a perfect company,' we riposted, and we really miss, and shall miss for ever, the most inestimable contact with such benefactors and square-brain-workers to the prosperity of humanity!

"They left by the Lloyd-Triestino boat *Egitto* on Wednesday, the 18th April, 1934, 5 p.m. for Palestine and Syria *via* Egypt, carrying along our hearty wishes for a good voyage, God-speed and constant health and on the earnest promise that they will call again on their return trip."

To Palestine

JOHN GRAHAM *continues the tale*:—

That afternoon we took sail on the *Egitto* and leave her to-day—after a very lonely voyage—for Haifa. We called at CRETE and were met by the Vice-Consul, a very suave Cretan, who entertained us with native Cretan Wine, which is guaranteed to make any archaeologist drunk, but left us as sober as before. ALEXANDRIA, on Saturday, was our first serious port of call, and here we were met and welcomed by Douglas Allen, whose business, alas, has gone into voluntary liquidation, and he is soon to return and live in Suffolk. A very happy lunch with the Allens at their glorious house and brilliant garden; though it is sad to think of them having to desert it so soon. He, as you know, is a Quaker, and I liked his description of the Quaker silent grace—"We fire blank cartridges, you know."

Tubby, however, discharged some live rounds, and lunch duly proceeded. That evening some English Mercantile Marine officers embarked and we had a long yarn after dinner, and they were finally despatched with a note to present to Geoff. Batchelar. A very good lot—do look out for them, if they haven't already been in by the time this letter arrives.

Port Said gave Tubby a busy Sunday; met by a charming Padre George Hales, who is in Suez for a short term of duty, and taken up to his quarters by the English Church, where T. preached. After this, a visit to the *British Pride*, a tanker lying in the harbour, and then on to a leisurely lunch with the Consul. Another tanker visit after this. At 4 p.m., we had an inaugural little meeting at which Tubby spoke about Toc H and the opportunities at Port Said, which are colossal. It is like having a unit at Clapham Junction—if every passenger and railwayman had to wait there a day or two with nothing to do; it only needs imagination and a drop or two of energy to see Toc H well on its way rejoicing there. Another constant job would be the Hospital; what could be more dreary than to be landed at a strange Port and put into hospital, right away from home and post, and no one to visit or tell one the news. Of course, the Padre does a good deal, but the help he needs is colossal, and would be as varied a job as anyone could ask for. Another meeting is to be held on our return on May 8, so keep us in mind. It is a really worth while job.

And now we're sitting in JAFFA, or Joppa harbour—the place where Jonah started from; I shall keep a close eye on Tubby's movements between here and Haifa, though the chances of a storm to infuriate the mariners don't look very great at the minute. Calm and warm, and cool breeze—three good qualities to cultivate for the job ahead.

From Haifa to Iraq

JOHN GRAHAM writes, on May 2, from
Kirkuk, Iraq:—

The afternoon is quiet, so is the Founder Padre; the future is hectic and we are at our

furthest east this trip. So I take in hand to write to you a line or two on the position as it stands.

We are welcomed late on the evening of St. George's day at HAIFA by a group of I.P.C. high officials, their reverend Chaplain—Harry Moss—and a bunch of Toc H lads—a rather confused impression as the moon had not risen and an otherwise amiable official was apparently convinced that I was not yet out of quarantine for a number of diseases I'd never heard of. He was however soon assured and we drove to the I.P.C. Rest House where impressions became clearer in a meeting of the Grope in Harry's Upper Room there.

You must imagine a loft—the Chapel at Poperinghe for example—halved by a dividing wall going across the Room from side to side and in the angle of the gable of the outer wall a large semicircular window, through which streamed the warm breeze, the bright moonlight and a variety of fairly harmless insects. Packed into the room thirty or forty men, the most conspicuous among them being a half dozen or so of Gordon Highlanders with raw and bony knees surmounting their flashy hose. This was a great meeting of great lads, with Tubby squatting on the floor spinning yarns.

We had another later in the week, when Tubby handed over to the Grope the Rushlight given me as a last minute addition to my baggage, in anticipation of their being granted Group Status.

The next day we drove down to JERUSALEM by car—getting one delightful shock on the road when we met a woman riding on an ass with a baby in her arms and a man trudging along beside, and stopping to mess with some police at a station called NABLUS, where Toc H might flare up at any minute. A desolate spot, a village full of anti-Government fanatics, 30 or 40 miles to Jerusalem, and nothing but routine to keep you smiling. To try to fulfil all four points of the compass in a post like that would keep any chap busy in his spare time—and they're all essential if life is not to become intolerable for everybody.

JERUSALEM Toc H the following evening appeared to be thriving, but in the rather

gaunt surroundings of a large unfriendly room above the tower to the Cathedral close. A home of some sort is a dire need—and we saw the value of it the next day when we drove out 30 miles to RAMLEH, where the R.A.F. men are groping with colossal enthusiasm under one Aircraftsman Bill Hope and under the roof of what is ripe for being christened Mark I, Palestine. To say “the roof” is a bit optimistic, the house they’ve got is one of the oddest combinations of walls and balconies and tiles you’ve ever seen, but it will be grand during the summer and by rain time again may have secured a bit more shelter from the elements.

So you see Toc H is budding in three or four places in Palestine, it has got the occasional help of Harry Moss and the stimulus of a visit from Tubby, and what with Police and R.A.F. and a good few subordinate citizens (the Jerusalem secretary is at Thomas Cooks) there’s some grand material passing along their way.

Now Tubby’s main object in coming out here is the Pipe Line—a line connecting the Iraq Oil Mines at Kirkuk with two Mediterranean ports, one French, Tripoli—one English, Haifa.

The distance from Kirkuk to Haifa is about 700 miles over pine desert all the way, the line itself runs double from Kirkuk for some 150 miles and then one branches off to Tripoli and one to Haifa. If you want to be interested in Tubby’s movements, do look at a map; even JOURNAL readers can’t pretend for long they know where all these places are!

It was at Tubby’s instigation that Harry Moss was appointed Chaplain to visit the pipe-lines and Tubby is now here himself to see the fruits and reap the blessings and curses reported as a result of his appointment. It takes some imagination to picture Harry’s job, but it is as fine a Toc H job as you could ever hope to see or do, and you must have just the pictures of the place and people.

One night we stopped at TRIPOLI—the French port. Now not content with bringing the pipe to the coast the Company have planned for the pipe to be extended a mile or so out to sea (to avoid fire dangers on land) so that the tankers can load from a buoy

just off the coast. When we were there, all the men on the job, mostly French and Americans, were working up to the climax of the “Pull”—pulling the line out—over a mile of it, mind you—and fixing it to its buoy. For weeks all minds had been concentrated on this one job, there the pipe lay—a foot or so in diameter—black and glistening on a series of trolleys on little rails. The greasers are giving it its final touches, the welders testing their work at every join, the engineers making their last minute calculations, and then on the given day the end on the shore is fastened to the towing ship and the whole huge pipe slithers along its rails and sinks to its position on the ocean bed. One little jerk and some joint would give, one faulty calculation and the whole job is ruined, no wonder tempers are on edge and the cheerful are anxious—and here it is that Harry’s Toc H job is done, with tact and firmness and simplicity, and this is only a fragment of his work.

Now turn to the pipe line proper—the 700 miles, with little camps of men who have laid it and are now preparing it for its job scattered about 100 miles from each other in the desert. Just think of the job as it affects the individual man—American, English, Estonian, French, German, whatever race you like to think of, all mixed up together, for this one object, the laying of the line.

You wake up each morning to start work at 7 or 6 in summer time—as far as you can see in every direction there is just nothing but mile after mile after mile of sand, sometimes made cheerier by lumps of lava rock. You work in the boiling heat—in winter sometimes the bitter cold—with the attendant joy occasionally of a sandstorm hurtling along and darkening the whole sky for an hour or so on end; perhaps you drive on a desert track forty or fifty miles to do your job and the same long jolt back at night; nothing to do in the evening, precious little to read and always the same eternal desert and just now the depressing prospect of the axe as a reward for all your labours.

At one of these camps they have got a magnificent garden going—roses, prophetically enough—small trees and shrubs nursed

patiently into life, at another a miniature golf course of astounding ingenuity, at a third, where we stayed a night, an intense longing to learn about Toc H, to get it going and to carry it where they may when the dispersal comes. So look out for Toc H HADITTA on the map before so very long in the past, and do what you can to support and back up Harry on his job along the line.

The Haditta crowd were perhaps a bit surprised and no doubt a good deal cheered to hear Tubby tell the story of the parrot that was an ambassador of God: the technique of an ambassador is not usually compared to that of a parrot. The real ambassador along

the line is Toc H and that is something for which we ordinary members may be tremendously proud.

This is too verbose, I must stop, to be continued in our next. Love, JOHN G.

To Egypt

Padre HARRY MOSS sends a postcard to the Editor from Cairo on May 10:—

"Accompanying Tubby and John in Egypt. We remember you all at our Ascension Communion at 8 a.m. The campaign is glorious—Middle East O.K. Alexandria on Saturday; Port Said on Monday. Stand-to—for us!—HARRY MOSS."

Homeward with Owen Watkins—VII

This is the last of OWEN WATKINS' dispatches about his African journey. He left home, with Mrs. WATKINS, on January 26, 1933, and reached England again on May 17, 1934.

WHEN on March 3 we sailed from CAPE TOWN in the Holland-Africa s.s. *Springfontein*, I could not pretend that there was "no sadness of farewell when I embarked." My sensations were those of a man who was leaving home rather than of one who after long wandering had at last struck the home trail. I was saying "Good-bye" to the land of my dreams and of my earliest attachment and to so many friends, new and old; I was writing "Finis" to one of the most delightful and happy chapters of my life. As I watched Geoff. Martin and the others waving from the quay I envied him the joy of continuing with these warm-hearted, hospitable people and in this land of sunshine, far distances and tremendous possibilities. Our journey up the coast to Durban was uneventful, for in one respect our luck was out. Fog—of all the unexpected things in this latitude—held us up outside Mossel Bay and Port Elizabeth, and so everywhere we arrived a day or so late, with disastrous results to the elaborate preparations made for our coming by Toc H PORT ELIZABETH and EAST LONDON. Luncheons, meetings, picnics, all were cancelled, but as soon as the ship was sighted the clans gathered and we renewed acquaintance with many old friends. At DURBAN we remained four days, so we went ashore and

"dwelt amongst them for a while." They were days of rush—farewell calls, final talks and meetings, amongst the latter being a last word to my old friends the unemployed at the Toc H Rest Room and a wonderful farewell rally of all available Toc H units, some from as far as Maritzburg. It was my last glimpse of Toc H, Southern Africa, and will always remain with me as typical of the friendship, sympathy and understanding which I found in the family throughout the sub-Continent.

In Portuguese Territory

Our next port of call was LOURENCO MARQUES, in Portuguese East Africa. Here some time ago a Group was established and for a while flourished. To-day nothing remains but two or three discouraged members who rarely meet. It is a striking illustration of the need for finding some method of linking up the "lone units." The leaders of the community whom I met were agreed that Lourenco Marques badly needs Toc H. It is full of just the sort of man to whom Toc H can give so much and for whom nothing whatever is being done. When urged to get busy their cry was that of the Ethiopian eunuch of old time: "How can I, except some man should guide me?" Lourenco

Marques has in recent years developed into a beautiful city and has become a fashionable holiday resort to which people from the Transvaal come in winter. No longer is it the fever-stricken hole of which men used to tell, though when we were there in the matter of heat it lived up to its old reputation.

At BEIRA, Toc H conditions were even worse than at Lourenco Marques—I could find no members. The Secretary removed to Rhodesia twelve months ago and of this fact we had never been notified, and since his departure the Group has completely died out. The difficulty of running a Group here is incredibly great. No one stays in the place longer than he can help, but the need cannot be exaggerated. I only spent a few hours in these ports and could do nothing, but my stay was long enough for me to realise that it is just in such places that Toc H can do a work and fill a need that perhaps nothing else can. Everywhere I heard the hope expressed that the new Lone Units' Committee might be able to do something about it.

The boat in which we voyaged was chiefly concerned with cargo; she only had accommodation for 30 passengers; so we dawdled along the coast calling at all sorts of funny little ports and seeing men and things that are never seen by the ordinary tourist. There was Mozambique with its ancient fort. It fell asleep three hundred years ago and is still sleeping. Lindi, set in beautiful groves of coconut palms, its 20 British residents facing so cheerfully the heat and isolation and making delightful what many would have found unspeakable. They came off in a body to the ship to dine and to get a change from the poultry and fish which is their only food on shore. After dinner they danced on deck with the passengers until the ship sailed. Such visits are their only touch with the outside world, the one break in the monotony of their daily lives.

Tanganyika and Zanzibar

DAR-ES-SALAAM, the capital of Tanganyika, is the most beautiful town on the East Coast and is the brightest spot as far as Toc H is concerned. We had two days here and

wished it had been longer. The memory of its blue lagoons, waving palm trees and hospitable people will long continue with us. The Group is not great in numbers but is of fine quality and fills an important place in the life of the community, and in spite of the constant coming and going amongst its members maintains its strength and is ingenious in service. I met 15 members on the verandah of Padre Dyson's house. It was a hot tropic night, not a breath stirring the surroundings, very different from most Toc H units I have known, but the spirit was the same—I was in the Family.

ZANZIBAR we reached after sunset and left again at midnight. Here there is room for a Group and there are I believe a couple of members who are anxious to get started but I failed to get in touch with them. I had visited this beautiful city and island before, but it had a new and unexpected beauty seen as we now saw it in the brilliant tropic moonlight. It leaves a memory of strange mysterious charm, of dark palmgroves and the distant sound of drums—*last* heard on the Congo border. Once in our wanderings we passed through a native village en fête—the men swaying in a weird dance to the beat of the drums, the booths lit up by smoking flares, selling strange Eastern delicacies, and overhead the feathery palms and a night in which the stars were almost too bright to be real.

At Tanga we thought there would be nothing to do, but were agreeably surprised, for 50 miles away in the mountains is the Government Agricultural Experimental Station at Amari. To this we had a wonderful drive, climbing 4,000 feet through dense tropical forest, monkeys swinging in the tree-tops and flowers everywhere. On top we had one of the most wonderful views in the world—a sweep of mountain and valley, forest and cultivated plain—on the one hand Kilimanjaro raising his proud height, on the other Zanzibar set like a jewel on the horizon.

To Kenya and Uganda

At MOMBASA the fates were against us. We arrived on Good Friday, so could not get

into touch with the Group. As the boat was two days late we had to entrain that afternoon in order to fulfil engagements up country. On our return we were also unfortunate, for the boat sailed a day earlier than was expected and instead of meeting the Group as arranged we were once again on the high seas. It was a great disappointment to me, for the unit is not strong and I realise the tremendous difficulties of work in such a place and yet as the gateway to both Kenya and Uganda its strategic importance is paramount. We boarded the train in the afternoon and were at Nairobi next morning. During the night we climbed 4,000 feet and in the early morning passed through country teeming with game—buck, wildebeaste, zebra and giraffe—which took no more notice of the passing train than would grazing cattle in England. NAIROBI, the capital of Kenya Colony, is a large and up-to-date town. It was hard to believe that we were almost on the Equator in a country which so few years ago was unexplored. The Group here is really strong especially in the quality of its membership and is exceptionally fortunate in its leadership. During our stay we enjoyed the hospitality of Padre Dougall (Church of Scotland) who is the Adviser on Native Education; Benson the Principal of the Jeanes School at Kabete (late a master at Marlborough and Harrow); Spencer Palmer (who is Secretary or Chairman of almost every good cause in the town) and Vivian Ward (Chairman of Rotary). I addressed meetings of every imaginable kind, including a Rotary luncheon, two Athletic Clubs, the Prince of Wales' School (which is the one English Public School in Central Africa) and the usual Toc H and L.W.H. gatherings and found all was very good. For a unit of its size Nairobi has shown great courage and initiative. It has its own house (Crawford House) where the meetings of both Toc H and L.W.H. are held and seven or eight hostellers live. The House is more and more becoming a centre of activity and it is hoped a rallying point for the young men of the community. On the Sundays I preached in both Anglican and Presbyterian Churches and on Easter Day was broadcasted from the

"Highlands Cathedral"—this in Central Africa practically on the Equator.

Space will not permit me to describe in detail my stay at the Jeanes School where Benson is doing such wonderful constructive work, or my visit to the Church of Scotland Mission at Kikuyu. Here is situated the wonderful "Church of the Torch," so named by the natives themselves for it is a point of light in the very heart of darkest Africa. It is probably the most beautiful native Church in the world. Dr. Arthur, the head of the Mission, has every ground for pride in the achievement of which this is the outward and visible sign.

KAMPALA, the capital of Uganda, was 500 miles further on and again a wonderful journey was involved. It took two days and a night and at one point the railway reaches an altitude of over 9,000 feet. We went down the escarpment into the Great Rift Valley, which starts in Rhodesia and ends in Palestine; we crossed plains literally alive with big game; we passed through dense tropical forests, over swamps which formed a sea of waving papyrus stretching for miles and later through country which might have been England and made it hard for us to believe we were actually on the Equator. As we approached the Great Lakes the beauty of the country was intensified. At Jinja, at the head of Lake Victoria, Padre Campbell-Morgan (C. of E.) the Kampala Branch Padre, met us with a car. He thought that last 50 miles, a somewhat tedious journey by train though with glorious glimpses of the lake, and its near view of the source of the Nile, would be better appreciated by car. This thoughtfulness was typical of him and of the whole Branch throughout our stay. Kampala, like Rome, is built on seven hills, and each hill is crowned with a great church or public building. Noteworthy amongst these is the great Anglican Cathedral, capable of seating 4,000 people, built by the natives themselves at their own cost. The town is very beautiful and when in years to come the city as planned has come into actual being it will be a capital of which any country would be proud. Of my meetings and activities I need not write in detail. The Branch is well maintaining

its Lamp and is representative of every class in the community. It has the distinction of being the only unit that I have heard of which has a Bishop for its Pilot. The Bishop of Uganda, Dr. Stewart, in spite of his many responsibilities and busy life is a very efficient Pilot and is the counsellor and friend of every member of the unit. The individual jobs are very good but as in so many of these places it is most difficult to find a good corporate job.

Up the East Coast and Home

Mombasa was again reached after two and a half days in the train, and we at once embarked on the Italian ss. *Timavo*, calling at various ports in Italian Somaliland, French Somaliland, and Eritrea. Aden was reached on a Sunday and to meet the two flourishing Groups was impossible. I had, however, some hours ashore with Padre Cowburn (C. of E.) and several delightful fellows from

the Royal Air Force who have kindled and maintained these two Rushlights. At Port Sudan I met Brown who is working up a Group and has already started a little team "groping." In the port was the Bibby Liner ss. *Cheshire* on which were three Toc H members who were doing their best to help Brown in his missionary efforts. In Egypt I found Tubby had been a few days previously and was coming again in about a week's time, so there was nothing for me to do except make contact with such members as I could during the few days we waited for the ss. *City of Calcutta*. This I did with much pleasure to myself if not much profit to the Family.

On May 4 we embarked for the last lap of our two and a half months' journey home from Cape Town—the end of a sixteen months' tour in which we have covered some 35,000 miles.

O. S. W.

With 'Regron' in Australia—I

Memories of members are short, but they can scarcely have forgotten that REX CALKIN (General Secretary), STUART GREENACRE (Western Area Secretary) and RONALD WRAITH (Eastern Area Secretary), with Mrs. WRAITH, sailed in mid-January on a mission from Toc H at home to Toc H Australia. REX now writes, "Here is our first dispatch, based on our visit to two States." It was sent off on April 11, and signed 'REGRON,' combining the names of our three emissaries. It reads as follows:—

MELBOURNE,
Easter, 1934.

To the Editor of the JOURNAL.
SIR,

Your delegation in Australia begs to report that it is still strong in body, and no weaker in mind and spirit than when it left home. It can now describe as "bonza" a thing which it thinks is good, or as "good-o" that which warrants more emphatic approval. It has accustomed itself to the fact that grass may be brown as well as green, to three-penny bits as a secular medium of exchange, to corrugated iron as a primary building material, and to strong tea at inappropriate hours of the day. It has acquired an Einsteinian outlook in the matter of distances and can think of Home with all the fervour of a dinkum Aussie. It feels, therefore, that it is sufficiently acclimatised to pass on to

you, sir, some fleeting impressions of its exile.

We landed in Australia on February 16, and have made our plans until approximately the middle of June, that is, until the conclusion of the Annual Federal Council Meeting and Festival at Sydney. During this time our purpose is to get a rough working knowledge of Toc H Australia by a stay of two to four weeks in each of the six States. This despatch is written at Easter, and is based on impressions of Toc H in Western Australia and South Australia.

We all spent three weeks in *Western Australia* (one of us a little longer), and a comprehensive programme enabled us to make good use of our time. Toc H in W.A. is probably stronger in proportion to its population than any other part of the world, and its membership is more than half the total membership of the Commonwealth.

We found them optimistic and confident, with a good record of achievement behind them and the makings of a big future ahead. There are now some 50 families in this State, including the "provisional Groups"; about 14 of these are in the "metropolitan" area, *i.e.*, Perth, Fremantle and the suburban districts; another half-dozen are within what we should think of as a reasonable distance of Headquarters, or anything up to 100 miles; the rest are country units, most of them in small townships, no larger than an English village, in the bush or the wheat belt. Owing to the purely nocturnal habits of most Australian trains, the only practicable means of communication between these places is by private car or truck over difficult roads. It is in these country units, in our judgment, that the greatest strength of Toc H, W.A., lies. In these small and comparatively isolated communities, where on the face of it there are no jobs, and where everybody believes that they already know everybody else, Toc H is proving its worth as a thing which can sweeten the life of the neighbourhood. It can do nothing spectacular; but in a quite wonderful way it is conquering jealousies, apathy and little-mindedness by undemonstrative Christianity. It is attracting a fine type of man.

In the metropolitan area Toc H is essentially the same as we know it at home. Toc H, W.A., is fortunate in having in Perth men with the means and the ability to travel long distances to the country districts. These members of the "Extension" and "Sponsoring Division" of the State Executive have worked unsparingly in building up the family right through the State, and the record of voluntary spare-time achievement is superb. A year ago, however, one of their number took on, as a full-time job, work which was becoming overwhelming for the voluntary teams. The spare-time office work accomplished by the L.W.H. impressed us greatly.

During a visit to Albany we stayed at "Mark I, Australia," which has recently

been renovated and is now in splendid condition. This House is scarcely a Mark in the English sense, since it is manned by only six or eight permanent hostellers at the most. For the rest it is used as a Conference House and a holiday place for members from the rest of the State. Albany itself is an extremely beautiful place, and popular for holidays.

The two of us who left Perth by train for Adelaide on March 10, were able to meet some Kalgoorlie members en route by the device of a meeting in the lounge car of the Trans-Continental train. This journey of three nights and three days is what is commonly called an "experience," especially if undertaken during a heat-wave; at one point the line travels *dead straight* for 300 miles through desert and low scrub!

Our stay in *South Australia* has been shorter; two of us have put in a fortnight and one ten days. In this State there are no more than 20 families, of which 12 are in and around Adelaide. A tour of most of the country units, some of them as much as 300 miles up-country, was planned for one of the Team, who reported enthusiastically on what he found. In Adelaide and its suburbs we found potential leadership in plenty, though Toc H, S.A., needs and is demanding help from England; especially do they need a whole-time Padre, who is provided for by a Chaplaincy Endowment Fund if only the man could be found.* A few "willing horses" in Adelaide are doing far too much, holding three or four responsible offices in some cases and giving up four or five nights a week to work which should be more widely shared; this need not be if the wealth of potential leadership could be developed. Everything that we could tell them of our interpretation of Toc H at home, whether organisation or ideals, was thirstily swallowed.

Speaking generally, in spite of the immense national differences in age, outlook and culture, Toc H in England and in Australia are extraordinarily alike. Closer liaison

* Note by Pat Leonard:—The Rev. Godfrey Kircher, a 'dinkum Aussie,' whom Toc H, England, will enjoy for the next six months, has been appointed by the South Australian State Executive to the Edwin Wright Chaplaincy, and sails for Adelaide in early November.

with Home would strengthen them here, and everyone without exception is keen that it should be brought about. We hope that we ourselves are helping in no small measure to contribute to this, since the constitutional issues which it is part of our mission to discuss are very secondary in importance to the tangible personal links which it is our privilege to forge. Australians are said to be almost fanatically "independent"—but the most independent-minded Australian that you will ever meet has an almost reverential affection for "Home."

You will read somewhere in "Tales of Talbot House" that "man's mind is like a sundial, recording only the serener hours." Toc H here has its weaknesses, its disappointments, its ineptitudes, as much as we have them in England. We have met bad as well as good, but in these notes we pass on merely fleeting impressions of the great good that is in Toc H, Australia. In many places, especially in the most unlikely, it is very wonderful.

We hope to write in a month's time concerning Toc H in Victoria and Tasmania.

We are, sir,

Yours faithfully,

'REGRON.'

With Toc H, Waddi Forest

And here is an impression by RONNIE WRAITH of an up-country meeting in Western Australia.

You will not find Waddi Forest on the map of Western Australia, unless it happens to be a very large-scale map indeed. Our driver pulled up and gazed upon it in apparent belief, though to me the whole trip had by now become the purest fantasy. On one side of the track were two small buildings of corrugated iron; on the other a single larger building of the same ubiquitous material.

The landscape had nothing further to reveal, beyond the undulating sun-baked plains of the Western Australian wheat belt. We had arrived at Waddi Forest.

We had travelled most of that day some 200 miles from Perth, first through bush, and then through more open country as we emerged into the wheat-growing areas. We had encountered two small townships of some three to five hundred population, but apart from that the road had been our sole companion—a bad one for much of the way. This was the real "Australian Australia."

The Waddi Forest Group of Toc H favours the larger building on the right-hand side of the track from Coorow, a little hall which serves as a social rallying-point for a vast neighbourhood. We seemed to be the only creatures under heaven, and indeed it was unlikely that anyone should find their way here at all, ever; however, we left the car and walked across. There were, surprisingly, about 40 men inside; one of them was Rex, at whom I gazed in mild astonishment. This surely was the quintessence of fantasy; the place itself I could at a pinch believe in; Rex also, in another world, I knew quite well; the two circumstances together were a strain on my imagination. I half looked round for a file, a typewriter; anything that would substantiate this vision; finding nothing, my respect for Toc H increased enormously; I understood now what was meant by building bridges, not merely between different kinds of men, but between two entirely different worlds, the worlds of Westminster and Waddi Forest.

The men were all farmers, with huge forearms, stern faces, and the natural dignity of country folk which made the town dwelling stranger seem insignificant and artificial. For the first time in my experience of Toc H the phrase "man-power" seemed appropriate and accurate. We ate an enormous meal* and proceeded to our meeting.

* The "Family Meal" is an established custom in Toc H Australia, and one worth noting. The meal takes place at 6.30 p.m., and good honest food is provided, decently served; the meeting follows at 8 p.m. Few members miss the meal, and all are agreed that it is the most worth-while part of the evening. A man with many claims on his time misses the meeting, but not the meal if he can possibly help it. This rule seems to be almost invariable in Australian units.



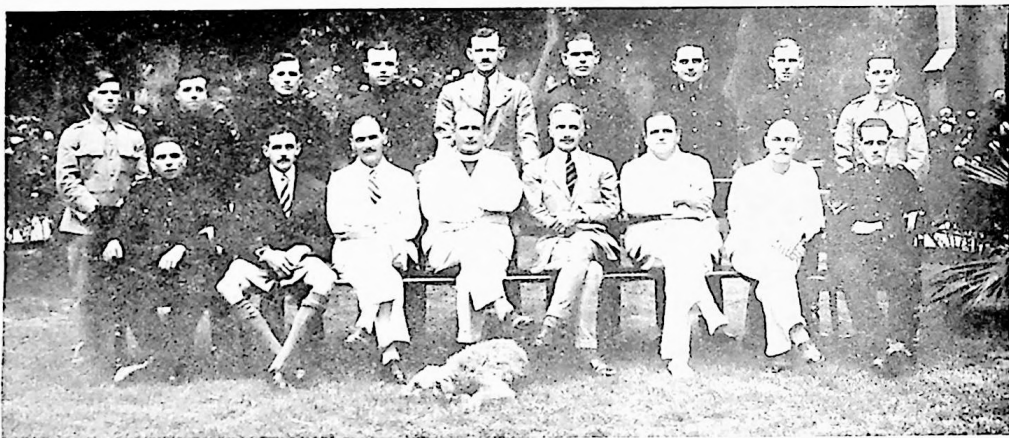
IN THE TOC H CLUB ROOMS, COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE,
(WHERE THERE IS A CAFETERIA OR LUNCH CLUB), IN APRIL, 1934.

Left to right—Standing : W. APPLETON (*Brighton Group*), F. J. CAFFERY (*State Executive*), S. HUNTER (*Malvern Group*), E. JENKINS (*Fitzroy Group*), ROSS OSBORNE (*Hon. State Secretary*) at back, W. R. ADAMS (*Federal Guard of the Lamp*), C. L. BALDWIN (*Fitzroy Group*), F. S. LEE (*Hon. Warden of Club Rooms*), G. MALTBY (*Brunswick Group*), J. S. MCCREERY (*Federal Executive*),
Sitting : RONALD WEAITH, T. MORECOMBE (*Waddi Forest Group, Western Australia*), REX CALKIN, C. R. BUTT (*Malvern Group*), STUART GREENACRE.

(Photo: Herald Feature Service, Melbourne.)



ASCENSION DAY (May 10) at ALL HALLOWS: the congregation leaving the steps of the Port of London building after singing *Tu Deum*. (Photo: Photopress).



FEROZEPORE WING, a Service unit in INDIA: Members, from left to right—BACK ROW: L/Cpl. Wilson (2nd Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers); Fusilier Barrow (*do.*); Driver Pearson (3rd Field Batt., R.A.); Gunner Woods (*do.*); Capt. Pouncey (14th Punjab Regt.); Bombardier Hewerdine (3rd Field Batt., R.A.); Bombardier Hossey (*do.*); L/Bombardier Barrell (*do.*); L/Cpl. Taylor-Reynolds (2nd Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers). SEATED: Driver Stainburn (3rd Field Batt., R.A.); Lieut. Lutyens (2nd Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers); Capt. Edwards (*do.*); Padre Brailsford, C.F.; Major Bonham-Carter (14th Punjab Regt.); Capt. Lewis (Indian Army Service Corps, guest); Sergt. Hutton (2nd Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers); L/Bombardier Godden (3rd Field Batt., R.A.).
ABSENT: L/Cpl. Ashworth (2nd Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers); Fusilier Bagshaw (*do.*).

We had gathered by now that Waddi Forest was not a place at all, but a district, covering a ten-mile radius or so from the place of our meeting. Closer enquiry informed us that this district was peopled by about 150 people, men, women and children, all living on widely scattered farms. The Toc H Group numbers roughly 25. I thought of many little towns of 1,000 or more in England which we tend to dismiss as being too small for a unit of Toc H. They have no jobs, and complain bitterly of the circumstance; some quite amazing stories which were told me privately of how men played the Good Samaritan were disregarded as apparently not worth mention.

The meeting was not unlike a score that we have all been at. There was some music, and one honest soul sang "Up from Zumerzet," which sounded oddly pleasant in that place. In England we look askance, and rightly, at the soloist in Toc H meetings; but here Toc H has to provide a centre not only for fellowship and service, but for culture, too. The meeting on the whole was quiet and rather serious in tone; this despite the fact that we bellowed at one another incessantly to defeat the rain, which was now

drumming noisily on the iron roof. They wanted to learn from us every scrap that we could tell them of Toc H at Home; they wanted *most* desperately to feel that they were keeping up their end with credit out there, and doing justice to the Family.

We emerged finally in the pouring rain into a miniature swamp, where a few hours before had been firm ground. Some visiting cars splashed off on their tremendous journey home; one member (and regular attendant at Group meetings) got his customary lift to a home some seven miles away, where he would reclaim the horse which would carry him the remaining ten; he had unfortunately turned up in his best clothes and had no coat, but he seemed unaware of any cause for distress.

Our journey home the following day involved a patient wait in the bush during one night and most of a day, whilst a roaring torrent across our track subsided; more patience was evoked thereafter when we helped the car to negotiate a bush road three feet deep in water; we came to Perth some 27 hours behind our time, after a nightmare journey. But our time was not ill-spent, when we remembered Waddi Forest Group.

A SOUTH AFRICAN PILGRIMAGE

AN interesting Pilgrimage to the battlefields of France and Flanders is now in progress. It has been organised by the British Empire Service League of South Africa and is on a large scale—some 350 men and women.

The Pilgrims sailed on the *Armada* Castle, from Durban, on May 10, and are due at Southampton on June 4. After a stay in London they cross on Saturday night, June 9, to Zeebrugge and spend a very busy Sunday in the Salient. This happens to be the week-end of our annual Continental Units Conference at Poperinghe, and our members will have the interesting job of welcoming the South African Pilgrims at the Old House on Sunday afternoon. Arrangements are being made to show them round in batches and tell them something of Toc H. They have

already been supplied with some Toc H literature, and some of our South African members are known to be among them, so that valuable new links may well be forged by this visit. Owen Watkins, just returned from South Africa, where he met some of them before their departure, will be there, with Paul Slessor and Barkis, to meet them. After more travel, the party returns to England on June 16, where they are free to go where they will until June 27: they sail for home on the *Kenilworth Castle* on June 29. The organised Pilgrimage programme is very strenuous, but during the free time (June 16—27) the Pilgrims may be expected to crop up anywhere in the country. *All home units are asked to be on the look out for any of these travelling South Africans, and to welcome them, if they have the opportunity, as their guests.*

THE CEREMONY OF LIGHT

"UNITY not uniformity" has always been a principle of *Toc H*, and its life should always be throwing up new flowers of joyful imagination. But certain simple things should remain constant if they are not to grow corrupt, and one of these is the Ceremony of "Light." In a few units attempts have been made to elaborate it—which is to spoil its virtue of simplicity. In a much greater number some of its details are carried out in a slovenly manner—which is to take away from its impressiveness. The Central Guard of the Lamp, therefore, wish to remind all members of points which ought to be observed in taking the Ceremony. In doing so they wish to avoid any suggestion of 'red tape,' their sole aim is to secure that this our family inheritance is handed on in its pure form and with emphasis on its true meaning.

Some of the following notes are taken from *The Toc H Padre*: experience seems to make the others necessary:—

1. *The Lamplighter*: It is the privilege of all members from time to time to take the Ceremony. In some units the invitation to take "Light" is given a week beforehand (by the Secretary or Guest Night Leader), so as to ensure that everyone who takes it knows the words and understands its significance. Certainly no one should take it who does not know the words perfectly by heart: *they should never on any account be read out from a book or Diary.*

2. *Position of the Lamp*: The Lamp should stand where its light will be seen by all. For this reason it is good that it should stand on a mantelpiece or a bracket on a wall rather than on a table. It should stand alone: it is difficult to keep a table clear of other things.

3. *Position of the Members*: All present stand facing the light, including the Leader, who should, after lighting the Lamp, move to the side so as to hide the light from no one.

4. *The Opening*: The Ceremony should be introduced quietly and without hurry. All should be standing in silence before the lights in the room are put out, and then, on the word "Light," the Lamp should be lit.

5. *The Words of Remembrance*: Laurence Binyon's poem *For the Fallen* has the words "They shall grow not old . . ." These should not be misquoted, as often, as "They shall not grow old . . ." The order of the original words is unusual and more emphatic.

6. *The Silence*: The Silence is sometimes so short as to be perfunctory. It loses its point altogether if it does not give members time to think their own thoughts as they wish. It is occasionally made so long as to be embarrassing. "One minute," as laid down, will be found about right by most people.

7. *The Words of Self-Dedication*: Much confusion reigns as to the pronouns to be used in the verses from the Gospel. Obviously we should not alter Our Lord's words any more than the sense of the Ceremony demands. The Leader should, therefore, say: "Let *your* light so shine before men that they may see *your* good works." He should feel no awkwardness in this, for he is including himself among his fellow-members. On the other hand an alteration is clearly demanded in the reply: "And glorify *our* Father which is in Heaven"—for members are not addressing the Leader with "*your*" (as a congregation replies to a priest "And with *thy* spirit").

8. *The Ending*: There should be a perceptible pause, all standing silent to dedicate themselves privately in any way they wish, before the Lamp is extinguished. *This should on no account be done with a repetition of the word "Light!"* (as is now often heard)—for the 'word of command' which starts a solemn ceremony should not be made to serve also (sometimes with "please" added) as a mere signal for switching on the electric light again when it is over. There is no need for anything to be said or for an awkward pause, as sometimes happens. The member responsible for turning on the light (he should be arranged for beforehand) should watch the Leader and act *as he sees him putting the extinguisher over the flame*: if, as in some cases, he cannot see the Leader's motions, he should arrange some simple signal with another member who can.

9. *No prayer or hymn should be added to the Ceremony, which should be kept simple and complete in itself.*

10. A few units like to keep their Lamp burning throughout their Guest Night. There is no objection to this, but if it is done great care should be taken to see that the light does not merely blow out in a draught or smoulder out through lack of oil or ventilation during the proceedings.

11. *Family Prayers*: It is the good custom of many units to light the Lamp again at the

end of the evening and hold family prayers in the darkened room. When this is done *the preliminary word "Light!" should not be used again.* All that is needed is to announce family prayers, and, when everyone is standing, to light the Lamp quite simply and carry on.

12. *Initiation* of new members can be carried out either at the time of "Light," preferably immediately before the Ceremony itself, or, if preferred, at the end of the evening, immediately before family prayers.

A BAG OF BOOKS

"God's Englishmen"

The Mingling of the Races. By G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. (*The Swan Library*, No. 20). Longmans. 3s. 6d.

The National Character. By Arthur Bryant. Longmans. 5s.

There is no national character in the world so contradictory and so fascinating to the student as the British—or may we justly (and without offence over the Border) here say the English? Through the centuries men, both among ourselves and in foreign nations, have thought and written about it, tried to analyse it, thought they had it neatly pinned down, only to find that it had escaped them after all. Chaucer painted the first great procession of typical English figures and after six hundred years you will still meet their obvious descendants in the commerce and the country life of England. And Shakespeare's teeming gallery, both in 'histories' and 'comedies,' is the completest picture of all; even when they pretend to do their business in Illyria or Venice or Navarre the English humour in them keeps breaking out, and the "wood near Athens" is only a fantastic part of the Forest of Arden, when all's said (what lovely things *are* said!) and done. You can see four of Shakespeare's plays on the stage in Germany compared to one in England at any time of the year, but somehow they don't quite ring true, for all the art and love expended on them: the English character is tricky work for the translator and the foreign actor. As for most Frenchmen, Shakespeare

has to be a great man because so many people have said so, but is too vulgar and untidy a writer to be understood and loved.

Ourselves in Novels

Then, think for a moment of the novelists. How the company of our own best and worst selves comes crowding out of their pages to greet us!—Sterne's Uncle Toby and Addison's old Sir Roger de Coverley Fielding's Parson Adams and Goldsmith's Vicar; Jane Austen's comfortable country society and Anthony Trollope's; George Eliot's folk and Thackeray's; the Cockney of Dickens, only very little larger than life; Thomas Hardy's Westcountrymen and Arnold Bennett's Midlanders and Sheila Kay-Smith's Sussex villagers and Northerners like Priestley's Jess Oakroyd; Kipling's Victorian soldiers and many a writer's war-time ones; Marryat's sailors and Joseph Conrad's; the imposing generations of Galsworthy's 'upper middle-class' Forsytes and the wilder strain of Hugh Walpole's Herries family. All these—and how many more!—are 'typical' English people. And you can justly throw in many less usual characters, such as made progress with John Bunyan or with Priestley's 'Good Com-

panions' or even dwelt terribly on Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*.

As others see us

A good many attempts have been made, outside fiction which often comes nearest to the facts, to portray the Englishman from outside. French writers (no doubt because we are so different from themselves and so difficult to understand), have found us a specially fascinating subject. Monsieur Taine saw through our oddities and the horrors of the English Sunday enough to write a really monumental history of us and our literature. André Maurois has not only drawn the Scottish Colonel Bramble and many types of British soldier to the life and written with great insight about Shelley and Disraeli and King Edward, but just can't leave us alone; he writes and lectures on us delightfully all the time. And André Siegfried — like generations of our own countrymen — knows exactly why our great nation is going to the dogs and is equally puzzled because we do not seem to get there. As for the Germans—you may get much satisfaction from Porthelm's *England the Unknown Isle*, or *John Bull at Home* by Karl Silex, or, if you really want to know the facts about English life and institutions, politics, education, recreation, law and religion, you will discover much more than Whitaker's Almanack knows in Dibelius' astonishing book on England. Before the War many of us greatly enjoyed Price Collier's American view of *England and the English*, as, just after it, we revelled in the revelations of ourselves in the *Letters* of his great fellow-countryman, Walter Page. There is no need to descend for knowledge to the mud-slinging books like Crosland's *Unspeakable Scot* and its reply *The Egregious English*, but it may not be a waste of time to listen to the Dutch writer who sets himself to answer the reasonable question *The English—are they human?*, and who finds that they almost are, but not quite. And if the present generation wants to know 'where it gets off,' it can read the sparkling indictment of its degenerate national character in *This Soft Age* by that fine 'last-ditcher,' Sir Ernest Benn.

Contradictions

The contradictions in our character, as seen by ourselves and our neighbours of other nations, are surprising enough and constantly defeat the prophets of woe. On the one hand "an Englishman's word is his bond" and is commonly accepted as such in commerce, East and West; on the other hand our country has long been nicknamed "*perfidie Albion*" and our Continental neighbours make out a good case for 'hypocrisy' as one of our outstanding qualities. On the one hand we assume—and often honestly feel—a becoming modesty about our achievements, which is partly due to our shyness (mistaken for coldness of heart) and our very individual sense of humour; on the other we cherish a pride that we are indeed "God's Englishmen" and apply, secretly or with startling directness to foreign nations Kipling's phrase about "lesser breeds without the law." Both attitudes were probably to be traced in a conversation between a British and an American officer in 1918 which the present writer well remembers. The American discovered that the British officer had been concerned in a gallant stand of wounded men and cooks and batmen, scraped up from anywhere to stop a gap in the line against the enemy's last desperate 'push,' and he wanted to burst into generous hero-worship. He was at once damped by the British officer's account of the affair: "Well, you see, it was perfectly simple. The whole British Army was retreating for all it was worth and our lot were so decrepit that they got left behind in the run." Only an English listener would know that this was an inverted form of pride: the American didn't understand and was deeply shocked. Then again, hardihood and gentleness go so well together in many of us: the same man who at one moment is found leading a dare-devil raid, storming palisades or mountains, piloting crazy craft in big seas and so on, is seen the next painting delicate water-colours or nursing tiny plants in a rockery with the tenderness of an old lady. In the arts we continually under-estimate ourselves and are consequently under-estimated by many outside. We are notably an 'unimaginative' people—and we have produced the greatest

volume of lyrical poetry, not excepting the Greek or any other, that the world has yet received. We are known to be 'unmusical' and even our native musicians tend to assume foreign names in order to court success—and the 'musical' Teuton is beginning to make eager discoveries about the wealth of English music. We are altogether 'plain' and 'practical' people—and have led the whole world in campaigns of high idealism like the abolition of slavery. And we admire the 'solid virtues'—which results in our present age completely neglecting Gladstone, the type of them, and pursuing with delight the exotic and romantic shade of Disraeli. We have given the world the phrase that "time is money"—and we waste time over our money-making all day long (it would be interesting to reckon its loss both at school and in trade) by clinging to a chaotic system of weights and measures and a 12-times table of coinage that almost every other nation has long discarded. We are famous for "law and order"—and we have produced a system of law and a language which are the despair of other people, so disordered do they both seem. We are essentially lovers of 'Home' ("an Englishman's home is his castle")—we are the greatest wanderers on the face of the globe. We have often been ruthless in building an Empire, but are, on the whole, notably humane in ruling it; inexorable in conquest we are usually most tender-hearted to women, children and dumb animals. Our minds are irritated by minor misfortunes and the great crises find them tranquil; we grouse endlessly in prosperity and sing in the face of desperate danger. Indolent in thought and boundlessly energetic in action; bellicose and good-tempered; humorous when we are most in earnest; outwardly so stiff and at heart so emotional; arrant sentimentalists who despise any demonstration of it — and so the catalogue of opposites could go on.

Our 'Mongrel' Race

Many of these contrasts are only superficially contradictory. Probably all of them could be explained by a survey of our island's geography and much maligned climate, and by a careful study of the history of our

'mongrel' race. For we most gladly admit that our race is not 'pure,' but a marvellous mixture; we have every reason to be thankful for the series of historical accidents which has made it so. Thomas Carlyle's crusty phrase that "the English have a Teutonic exterior but a Jewish soul"—whatever that means and even if it were true—does not rouse us to any pitch of indignation. The fact that the 'British Israelites' claim to know that we are really the lost tribes of Israel in disguise does not rob most of us of an hour's sleep. And we have not the slightest desire to imitate our queer ex-fellow-countryman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, now proclaimed one of the three major prophets of Nazi Germany, who has discovered that every great figure—not merely Shakespeare but Our Lord Himself—was Teutonic in type. With the good-humoured self-satisfaction for which we are renowned, we are content that the modern Englishman is the result of a series of rather lucky dips into the Babel-tub of nations.

A Great Historian

The story of how our national character has been compounded out of many elements has never been more fascinatingly told than by Professor Trevelyan, foremost of our living historians. *The Mingling of the Races*, a little book ideally suited for the pocket on a journey, is actually a reprint of Book I of his admirable one-volume *History of England*. But it stands on its own, complete so far as it goes and whetting the reader's appetite to go further. This is no dry-as-dust school-book. It is one of the world's great true stories come alive. It is never tedious, for it issues not only from a mind stored with immense learning but from the heart of a lover of England. There is a surprise on every page—a sudden flash of beauty, a shrewd touch of wit, or an unexpected answer to a puzzling question.

Some of us were brought up to suppose that English History began with '1066 and all that' and closed with the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837. This volume ends where some of us began. Listen to Professor Trevelyan setting the scene:—

"The story of the Mingling of the Races in Britain, ending with the advent of the Normans, covers a thousand years of history very dimly described, succeeding to many thousand more of archaeological twilight. The era of Celt, Saxon, and Dane is like Macbeth's battle on the blasted heath. Prophecy hovers around. Horns are heard blowing in the mist, and a confused uproar of savage tumult and outrage. We catch glimpses of giant figures—mostly warriors at strife. But there are ploughmen, too, it seems, breaking the primeval clod and we hear the sound of forests crashing to the axe. Around all is the lap of waves and the cry of seamen beaching their ships."

And then he goes on to show us the successive waves of invasion breaking on the shores of our island, flooding it and changing it. To the ancients Britain had seemed once of small account, '*ultima Thule*,' lying somewhere on the very edge of the world, but now its wooded wilderness became "the desirable island." One after another the masters of Europe came and saw and conquered—and were conquered in their turn. They came for what they could get and remained for what they could give: instead of departing with their plunder, most of them settled down to endow us with their best gifts of character. Iberian and Celt, Roman and Saxon, Norseman and Norman, they fought and ruled, retired and returned, each leaving some indelible mark upon our countryside and contributing something to the complex character of our modern selves. In all this many-coloured story nothing is stranger than the failure of the Romans to make their impress on us as they made it on most of the known world. They occupied Britain for over 400 years—a period longer than the age of Elizabeth to our own, and yet, writes Professor Trevelyan:—

"In the end the Romans left behind them just three things of value: the first of these would have amused or shocked Cæsar, Agricola and Hadrian, for it was Welsh Christianity; the second was the Roman roads; the third, a by-product of the second, was the traditional importance of certain new city sites, especially that of London. But the Latin life of the cities, the villas, the arts, the language and the political organization of Rome vanished like a dream. The greatest fact in the early history of the island is a negative fact—that the Romans did not succeed in permanently Latinizing Britain as they Latinized France."

And so if you like, began the fifteen centuries of difference between ourselves and our

nearest continental neighbours which you can trace in your morning newspaper most days in the week. But we must not pursue the subject here. All history is full of 'ifs' and 'almosts,' and no reader of Professor Trevelyan's little book can escape fascinating speculation as to what we Englishmen might have become if we were not *just* what we are.

English Types

Mr. Arthur Bryant, in a delightful book which is made up of a series of broadcast talks he gave last Autumn, deals with ourselves as a finished product. He is a great lover of England as well as a kindly and humorous critic of it. The text at the beginning of his book is taken from a foreign observer, George Santayana:—

"The Englishman . . . carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle amongst all the deliriums of mankind. Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics manage to supplant him."

After a pair of essays on "The English Characteristic" and "The English Culture" (see how he touches Professor Trevelyan's theme in these), he gives us "Seven traditional English types"—the country gentleman, the parson, the yeoman farmer, the craftsman, the merchant, the adventurer, the housewife. These portraits are not all equally good: the best are excellent, and none is better than the *first* of them. It will do the town-bred democrat of the 20th century no harm to learn that for four centuries the country squire (whom he has never met and therefore despises) "ruled England fairly well; in the early days of their power one might almost say very well." These pictures are not all praise, they have dark shadows also; they are lit with flashes of wit and with charming touches of homely truth—none better than the quotations from domestic letters which show the true Englishman off his guard. Here you will see the product of so much "mingling of the Races," the essential Englishman, "fundamentally unchanged" by the hectic and often superficial concerns of the life most of us have to live to-day. B. B.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

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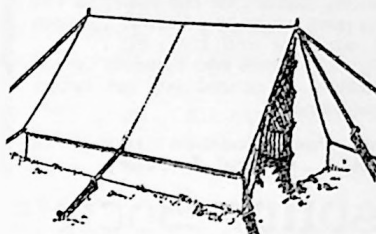
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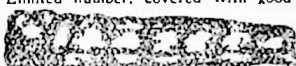
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THE OPEN HUSTINGS

The League of Nations

DEAR EDITOR,

There is nothing that cries out for fair thinking more than the League of Nations. But the issue is not quite so simple as Uncle John would have us think. A League of Nations is a splendid ideal, but is the present League as shown to us treading the right path toward that ideal? The following are a few points out of many which are worth pondering.

1. To say that the *only* alternative before Nations is the League or War is to narrow down all the possibilities of the Spirit to the merest human mechanisms, which is coming near to what Maurice Reckett would stigmatise as practical atheism. Some sincerely hold that the most practical way of arriving at fellowship either among individuals or nations is along those methods which will at once jump to the mind of any well-instructed member of Toc H. Out of this, it is believed, will emerge that League of Nations of which the world stands in such dire need.

2. Any League of Nations is, as it were, a milestone on the way, not a pair of Seven-League Boots for those that would hurry. Nations through their constituent individuals must train themselves in wind, muscle and endurance before they can accomplish the march. To put up a counterfeit milestone and shout "Here we are" is apt to be tiring and disheartening, if not disastrous.

Or, to change the image, before masons begin to build the temple they must have some knowledge of their craft and its purpose, or at least they must be willing apprentices.

3. A still widely-read Sermon says: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added.' There are those who consider the League of Nations as coming under the category "all these things" rather than as a synonym of the Kingdom.

4. The general presentation of the League

and its propaganda are mainly on negative lines—No more War, Outlaw War, and so on. Added to this the case for Disarmament is buttressed up by arguments from Suspicion, Saving of Money, etc., again all having a distinctly negative bias. Toc H works necessarily and emphatically from a positive basis. A moment's thought will prove that the two methods are incompatible. Therefore, if Toc H is to throw its weight into the League it can only do so by a first strong move for reform. There is an immense gulf between Compromise from Fear and Fellowship through Love.

By all means let us think fairly, love widely, witness humbly and build bravely. But are we not right in thinking that the bravery of our building lies largely in the fact that we know, in the face of the derision and discouragement of the world and its sentimentalities, that the only practical building is that which is done through the Vision of the Kingdom of God and not through compounding Fear and Material Comforts?

Yours,

NEPHEW BILL.

Battle, Sussex.

DEAR EDITOR,

I do not know whether you may wish to continue the discussion of the League of Nations, but, if agreeable to you, I should like to thank warmly our fellow-members, John E. Hodgson, of Aylesbury, and Col. Oldfield, of Southampton, for their sympathetic response to my letter in the April number of the JOURNAL.

I should like also to thank C. J. S. Glanvill of Harborne, but to accuse one of "pestilent heresy" is surely somewhat strong language for a family discussion. Not that I fear "heresy" very much. A survey of history shows many so-called heresies to have turned out to be vital truths. Nor do efforts after uniformity secure much historical support.

I know well the official attitude quoted in Glanvill's letter, and can appreciate and re-

spect it even whilst I disagree. There is a much greater danger to Toc H than the possible loss of dissenting members—a danger arising from apathy, fostered unintentionally by an increasing tendency to damp down enthusiasms amongst younger members.

The grievance is not a personal one; I am not a younger member and have long ago learned to counter the discouragement of contrary opinion. My letter, however, did not ask for the "official support" which Glanvill so much dreads. What I ask for is the individual support of every member of Toc H, which will count for much more.

In Glanvill's letter I am frankly puzzled by his reference to "the ends of Christianity." I have always understood that one of the earliest fundamentals of Christianity was "Peace on earth and goodwill among men," and that happens to be the precise aim and object of the League of Nations.

Glanvill appears to dislike the League heartily. Will he tell us why? As a human instrument, of course, it is open to criticism, and it can very readily be rendered totally ineffective by lack of support from the nations who comprise it, but let us be fair and place the blame for that in the proper quarters.

After telling us why he dislikes the League, will Glanvill further tell us, in the event of its disappearance, what alternative he can suggest that can possibly save the nations of Europe—our own included—from a repetition, on an intensified scale, of the ghastly tragedy of 1914-1918?

In my opinion, there is none. It is evident that Glanvill does not think much of my opinion; but I would direct his attention to a similar opinion recently expressed by the

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Yours truly,

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ARCHITECT required. Aged not more than 30 years and preferably unmarried. Must be experienced; willing to do other work besides and to sacrifice a commercial career to work for a social service organisation. Write, with full details of qualifications, experience and commencing salary required to: Box X10, Toc H JOURNAL.

TOWARDS FAIR-THINKING

A Word of Comment

THE notes which follow deal with two practical schemes to further international friendship and understanding. Both of them are led by sincere Toc H members—WOLFGANG SCHUBERT of Berlin and JOCHEN ("Jock") BENEMANN of Hamburg.

We believe that some of our members will welcome and wish to take part in both schemes, but we feel that a word of introduction to them is justified. Both these ventures, one in England and one in Germany, have the support, moral and financial, of the German authorities, without which scarcely any effort of the kind nowadays would be allowed by the present régime to continue or would have a chance of success. The clear intention is that young Englishmen should not only get into friendly touch with young Germans but should learn from them what are the ideas and ideals for which Nazi Germany claims to stand. Anyone, therefore, who takes part in these ventures will hear about these things and should be prepared not only to study them with an open mind but to exercise constantly his own powers of judgment, appreciation and criticism. It is safe to say that he will greatly enjoy the company of the young Germans he meets and will form real friendships with them, even if he finds himself differing fundamentally from some of their ideas. That things have been done in 'totalitarian' states (Russia, Italy, Germany and Austria, in their several ways, are examples) which to most of us seem wrong-headed and cruel does not absolve us from the attempt to appreciate many things that have been done well.

The first step to understanding what Nazi Germany is and why it is so, is to meet its men face to face. And the next is to "listen hospitably" to their story, to examine their theory and watch their practice, and to express our own convictions as openly as they will do theirs. Give and take is the essence of fair-thinking and will help the truth to prevail.

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THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From Overseas

From Canada

A TRULY difficult job for which the whole of the *Toronto District* is organised is the helping of the Superintendent of an Industrial School in his humane and intelligent endeavours under hampering conditions to do constructive work in the reclamation of the 160 boys in his charge. The boys are housed in five cottages which are mostly inadequate. The staff is insufficient and there is a lack of competent instructors. The concern of Toc H in the Toronto District is to help to provide healthy occupation for the leisure of the boys.

On three nights a week three Toc H men and some qualified instructors from other friendly organisations go out to the institution to arrange various athletic activities, games, swimming, gymnastics and so on. One man's specific job is to visit the boys in hospital; another team provides an evening's entertainment once a month; a third team has organised a club among the boys.

At the end of May, Padre Holmes, who now is well known to many members in England after his stay here two years ago, is setting off to visit Toc H in Manitoba,

Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia.

Peter Monie writes concerning his expedition, "With Eastern Canada we have established new contacts. First Padre Holmes came over and lived with us for a spell, then Bob Sawers, the Scottish Secretary, went to Canada to help him for about six months, and we have had Bob Thompson with us. The rest of Canada is very much in our minds, but with so many men abroad and because of financial reasons we cannot send out any more overseas expeditions immediately. Meanwhile we have seized the opportunity of 'borrowing' Padre Holmes for a short time this summer in order that he, not merely representing Eastern Canada but coming as spokesman of Toc H Headquarters, may assure the units and members in the West of Canada that our desires to help them and to bring them more fully into the world-wide fellowship of Toc H are real and not just things written about in letters. Wherever Padre Holmes goes in the West he will take himself, and that we know is much, but he will also take the heartiest greetings and good wishes of Toc H."

From Malaya

The members of the *Singapore Group* need never be in want of the Guest Night speaker, for, apparently, every tide brings them along a travelling member who generally is persuaded to talk. One evening, for instance, was filled by a probationer from *Hong Kong*, going home on leave. He told them of the Street Sleepers' Shelter (see *April JOURNAL*, p. 182); first aid and blood transfusion as practised by Toc H Hong Kong. Not many weeks after that along came a naval member from Hong Kong who related the fine work of the above probationer in the matter of Blood Transfusion. That probationer was accordingly booked to speak on that subject on his return from leave many months ahead.

Not content with that excellence of pre-arrangement, the Group arranged at short notice a special meeting for the Bishop of Madras who was travelling through Singapore; it descended on His Majesty's Navy when somewhere in the Indian Ocean, kidnapped the Commander of H.M.S. *Terror*, Commander Scott, and got him to discourse on Toc H in the Navy. However, something good has come out of this piracy in the shape of entertainments and sporting fixtures with the Naval Base. One other unsuspecting victim set sail from Fremantle, Australia, with his name already down on the programme of the *Singapore Group* for a speech on Toc H in Albany. He gave it.

This being the state of affairs, the ten boys from the Scafaring boy's Club, Southampton, on board the *Empress of Britain* are all the more to be congratulated. They were entertained for a whole day, but all refused to be bribed into a set oration on some abstruse subject suggested by the Group on the spur of the moment. But then these boys had been met and entertained at each port of call during their round-the-world voyage.

In fairness to this Group the concluding paragraph from their report must be quoted. "Lest it be thought that our meetings are all talk, it might be mentioned that much good work is discussed and carried out, but members are rather modest in talking about what they do."

The great event of the *Kuala Lumpur* Group recently has been the Absent Guest's

night which was organised with the co-operation of the Kuala Lumpur Rotary Club in aid of the Distressed European, the Lepers' Aid and the Indian Earthquake Funds. There are indications that in some quarters this type of effort is regarded as theatrical, but one report in a local paper has knocked that impression on the head. "There was something different about it, an informality and friendliness and an underlying note of seriousness that made it something to remember. Perhaps the secret was simply this; that here was a gathering of people of various races, Eastern and Western, who were all more or less engaged in social work. For one evening, brought together by a simple meal, they felt a brief but precious experience of unity, of comradeship, of loyalty to a common purpose."

From a Lone Unit

Southern Iraq is a place where reticent men are bred, consequently but little has been heard of the Group at Basra in these columns, and so, to show that there is life there, here are a few sentences snatched without permission from a letter from the Secretary. "I have been a member of the Group since Padre Moss burst into our humdrum little life and formed the nucleus of what is now literally the safety valve for five or six keen, energetic and splendid fellows. Naturally, being practically one hundred per cent. Service members, we place a high value on Toc H in that it enables us to get away, at least once a fortnight, from deadly routine, by an exceedingly pleasant evening spent in yarns, debates, talks

and so on at our civilian brother Dhobree's bungalow in Margil. We are fortunate in having the services of two splendid fellows—Col. Ward and Dr. Van Ess, the American Missionary—who will always come along, at great inconvenience where their social life is concerned, to give us talks on subjects many and varied on which they possess expert knowledge.

Toc H does not boast of its activities, but we do what little we can to help others, and our Group in Basra just carries on in a quiet unassuming way facing quite a few difficulties yet always bearing in mind our fundamental principles."

From the U.S.A.

"On April 21, Mark I, Washington, D.C., was the meeting place of Toc H units throughout the United States. These units were gathered to commemorate the annual Rededication Service of Toc H in the United States of America.

In an informal discussion held at the Mark, the units, as one, discussed various subjects of obvious importance in the near and distant future. The subject that created the biggest "good old U.S.A. bull session" was:

"Toc H, a moral equivalent of war." The main purpose of these discussions was to get the corporate thoughts from all the units in finding the final aim of Toc H and where it is going at the present.

Following the discussions came the Rededication Service in the Washington Cathedral. Regional Padre, ALBERT F. T. HOLMES of Eastern Canada gave a highly inspirational address with the origin of Toc H during the war and its duties toward

men in time of peace, as his theme. To those who have been present in preceding Rededication Services each successive one seems to be filled with a higher sense of beauty, service, and love of our Elder Brethren. Our many friends and new-comers in Toc H were equally impressed with the solemnity and beauty of our service.

Dinner was the high spot of the day in the line of entertainment. Toc H members, wives, and wives-to-be all enjoyed a steak supper accompanied by singing. In fact, many present ate and sang at the same time much to the misery of those truly musical.

Held in the Church of the Pilgrims, the Birthday Festival Guest Night was a tremendous success. COLEMAN JENNINGS played the

role of Chairman and in turn introduced a representative from each unit present. One of the most entertaining features were the details of our new and progressive "experiment in Vermont." JIM DE WOLF HUBBARD, representing the Group, told of their many jobs in Vermont among the people and of the possibilities in the future. (Jim is doing a job for Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador fame).

All in all, the Rededication Service and Birthday Festival was one of the most successful yet held. America Toc H extends its heartiest greetings to Toc H members on every link of the Chain of Light and Love around the world. With our heartfelt greetings goes an equally warm welcome to our next Birthday Festival."

From the Home Areas

From Scotland

Toc H on this side of the Border has reached the end of Chapter II in its history. The first Chapter covers the years 1920-1928 when there was no organisation and the growth was very slow. In the beginning of 1929 Chapter II was begun with the formation of the Scottish Council and Area Executive responsible for the whole of Scotland. Now after five years the number of units has increased from eight to forty-six and owing to the nature and diversity of the country it has been found impossible to carry on any longer as a single Area.

In April Chapter III opened with the formation of the *Scottish Central Area*, consisting of Stirlingshire, Lanarkshire, Glasgow City, Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, Dumbartonshire, Bute and the Cowal District of Argyllshire. The rest of Scotland has been formed into the *Scottish Experimental Area* with two Divisions, the Northern concerning North of the Tay and the Southern for Fifeshire, Lothians and the Border counties.

Additional staff has been promised in the autumn, and the Central Area is eagerly awaiting the advent of Ian Fraser, who after sojourning in strange parts is returning to the land of his Fathers.

The development in the past has taken place mainly in the industrial area where three quarters of the units are situated, but it is confidently expected that Toc H in both the Northern and Southern Divisions will now go ahead rapidly under the guidance of the local Executives.

The annual meeting of the Scottish Council in March was a noteworthy occasion. Representatives from all the outlying units, with one exception, were present, and in one case this meant a railway journey of fourteen hours. Scotland is unique in that it is the only part of Toc H in Great Britain with a Council and this has proved so valuable that it is to be continued under the new regime.

Outstanding events in the immediate future are, a Retreat at St. Ninians, Lassodie, on May 26/27; the Central Area Executive week-end at the same place on June 9/10; a Padres Conference at *Falkirk*, led by Arthur Howard, on June 11; the visit of Hubert Secretan, June 25/28, when Guest Nights will be held at *Falkirk*, *Paisley*, *Wishaw* and *Edinburgh*; *Aberdeen* Training week-end, June 23/24; a series of Training week-ends at Irvine, May 26/27, June 23/24, August 24/25, September 15/16; a Training week-end at

Denny, October 6/7; Pilgrimage to Poperinghe, July 14/15; and that's enough to be going on with.

A Birthday Festival team is getting to work with the arrangements for a Festival in Glasgow for the whole of Scotland on January 19/20, 1935.

In the new Central Area the policy for the next year is to be one of consolidation as it is felt that it would be unwise to continue the rapid expansion while a number of units were far from sound. The District Committees, of which there are seven, need strengthening and the team spirit deepening before another forward move can be made.

Largs has been recognised as a Group and before long it will be joined by *Rothsay* and *Dunoon*; the intense rivalry between these three Clyde Resorts will no doubt act as a spur to the three units to try and outdo each other. The builders of *Rothsay* and *Dunoon* have had many stormy passages during the winter and those who only know the Firth of Clyde smiling under a summer sun can have no conception of what it can be like in a January gale.

There is nothing of outstanding importance to chronicle about the units in the Area beyond the fact that the *Carlisle* Branch are so proud of their new quarters that there is the utmost difficulty in turning the members out before midnight.

In the Southern Division, *Jedburgh* and *Peebles* have been recognised as Groups and consequently *Toc H* has now a footing in the Borders. *Selkirk* has been invaded and plans are afoot to make a descent upon *Galashiels* and *Hawick* in the autumn. The Borderer does not take to any new thing readily but once he does then he is a stickler, and there is every indication that this part of Scotland is to be a *Toc H* stronghold.

Edinburgh are planning a big venture which may result in great things. A seven-

teenth century building which until recently was a Training College of the Episcopal Church is to be taken over by a Board of Trustees outside *Toc H* and sublet to the *Edinburgh* Branch, *Edinburgh L.W.H.*, *Daltry Boys' Club*, *Unemployed Service Centre*. It is hoped to make it a centre for social service in a part of *Edinburgh* that teems with problems and opportunities. If all the hopes and plans are realised then the *Edinburgh* Branch will have a great chance to make a name for itself and go right ahead.

Dunfermline have undertaken the job of making contacts in *Burtonisland* and *Kirkcaldy* with a view to making a start in both places next autumn.

In the Northern Division there is a spirit of optimism; with one or two exceptions the units are in a flourishing condition and there is a desire to spread the good thing. The problems, however, are distance, poor communication, icebound roads in winter, and the Highland spirit of "gang warily." To carry *Toc H* into the Highlands requires the spirit of adventure but the Area Secretary did not bargain for such an adventure as he experienced a short time ago. The Northern Pilot bought a car and although he had never driven before set off accompanied by the said Area Secretary on a tour round the north, *Thurso*, *Wick*, *Tain*, *Invergordon*, *Inverness*, *Peterhead*, *Aberlour*, *Grantown*, *Nairn*. It is said that Providence looks after drunken men and bairns, to these must be added *Toc H* staff if they cannot be made to fit into either of the other two categories.

Nairn is now a Group and *Tain* are growing. Plans are being made to get going in *Thurso*, *Fraserburgh*, *Dingwall*, *Forres* and *Elgin*.

In the southern part of this large Division the *Perth* Group are going to try their prentice hand in building up a new unit, while the possibilities of *Angus* are to be explored.

From the Eastern Area

DEAR RONALD,

How are things going with you on the other side of the world? We were delighted to hear your telegram at the Central Council meeting and hope that "everything in the garden is lovely."

No doubt you will be interested to hear how we are behaving ourselves in your absence.

Since our last letter another important change has taken place in the Area Staff. *Vic. Collier* has been transferred to the

Northern Area after a stay of only four months with us, during which short time we learned much from him, but whilst very sorry to lose him we realise that our loss is another's gain. But they say that every cloud has a silver lining and our particular piece of good luck on this occasion is the return of John Mallet to us—this time, we hope, for a long period.

There is not very much to report with regard to extension. The old *Luton* District has now been split up and a new *Hitchin* District has come into existence, thus enabling closer co-ordination between units in this part of the Area. A Group at *Biggleswade* has been sanctioned and will take its place in the *Hitchin* District. We are pleased to tell you that *Colchester* has again raised its head, and the *Norwich* District has been strengthened by the sanction of a Group at *Gorleston*. In addition to these three new units, a Group is now functioning at Cambridge at *Barnwell*, and Colin's good work at No. 17 Peas Hill is beginning to bear fruit.

Although the growth may not appear to be large, the District teams are giving much attention to the matter, and several other projects are afoot. It is quite rightly becoming more and more apparent that care is being taken before "rushing in where angels fear to tread" and that the ground *must* be carefully tilled and watered if the seed is expected to grow as it should.

All but three Branches in the Area have now come into the scheme for the limitation of Branch Status, and we hope that before

many moons have passed these three will also fall into line.

District Guest-nights have been held in all Districts during the winter months, and District Committees are becoming more and more alive to the great value of these functions and realising that each Guest-night *must* be carefully planned to the smallest detail if they are to fulfil their object, *i.e.*, to place before the guest a true picture of Toc H in action.

Training week-ends at both Cambridge and Wapping have taken place with great benefit to all those attending. Several have also been booked up for the autumn and the value of these courses for leaders and potential leaders cannot be over-estimated.

Toc H and L.W.H. in Beds. and Herts. mustered in good force for their annual service at St. Albans Abbey on Sunday, April 27. This year the address was given by Canon Raven and his words will be long remembered by all who were privileged to hear them.

On Sunday, July 1, our usual Conference is being held at Rothamstead Park, Harpenden. This year the Conference will be open to all Overseas Members able to attend and also anyone who can come from the Area. We are again lucky in getting Barkis as one of the speakers, and Pat Leonard is another of the "big guns" that will be with us.

Well, Ronald, this seems to be all this time. Remember us to the "missus," Rex and Greeno, and good luck to all Australia.

Yours ever, THE EASTERN AREA.

